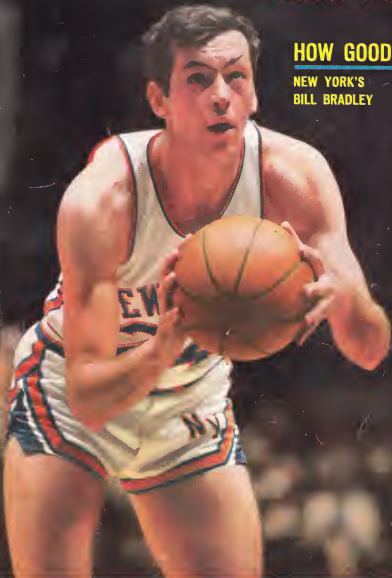


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DOWN TO FOUR TEAMS, the NCAA basketball tournament moves to Los Angeles for the final round. Joe Jurek analyzes the regional title games and predicts the likely winner.

UNFLAPPABLE Julius Boros is still playing winning golf at 48. John Underwood describes the catyasing pro, while Boros himself reveals some secrets that could improve your game.

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## BOOKTALK

About onagers, ballistas, springalds, gunpowder and a cannon called Catherine

A new book entitled *One Hundred Great Guns* (Walker & Co., New York) might well be worth the \$25 it costs if it were nothing more than a handsome picture book. But besides its 200 or more fine color photographs showing sporting and military firearms from the best public and private collections in Europe and the U.S., it includes a smooth and entertaining commentary by Merrill K. Lindsay. This traces the development of the gun from the time black powder was invented some 700 years ago right down to the present.

Beginning with a quick survey of such monsters as the ballista, the onager, the springale and the trebuchet, Lindsay moves quickly into the age of "The Gunne" and describes the earliest weapons using gunpowder. One of these was "La Catherine," an enormous cannon cast at Inesbruck in 1404 on which is inscribed: "My name is Catherine, beware of me, I punish injustice. Georg Endorfer cast me."

Actually, writes Lindsay, it was the invention in the 1800s of smokeless powders that made practical reality of many an inventive genius' dreams of dependable repeating firearms. Even with his belt stuffed with pistols, "Long John Silver didn't have as much firepower as a present-day youngster with a .22 caliber target gun."

Some collectors of American guns may be surprised to learn that Samuel Colt did not invent the revolver (the oldest dated revolving firearm was made in Germany in 1597) and that he was a "barely literate" but skillful conniver whose "success [he made over \$5 million in 15 years of manufacturing Colt revolvers] lay to a great extent in the fact that he was a remarkable showman." It may also come as a shock that the twin barrels of your favorite \$4,000 Purdy 12-gauge or your Holland & Holland Super .30 double rifle are not straight. The makers of the finest double guns literally bend "the individual barrels . . . in, and after, they are soldered or brazed together" so they will shoot to the same point.

Why do people collect guns? Some admire them as objects d'art, while others fit the description of "The Gun Nut" from the *Norrenspeigel* of Cristoff Weigel: "I'm an upright citizen / Can't stand the smell of powder even / Yet I own all kinds of weapons / Bringing me but few laudations / Since I know not how to use them / Just see that rust do not suffice them." Author Lindsay has a third reason. "There is," he writes, "something about a fine gun over the fireplace . . . it is a reminder of a day nearly gone when individuality and the individual man were pretty important."

—DUNCAN BARNES



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# SCORECARD

## BLACKBALLED

The case of the New York Athletic Club and its discriminatory membership policies is neither isolated nor unusual. A survey of 20 major cities in the U.S. shows that only one ranking athletic club has Negro members—the Washington (D.C.) AC—and most clubs have only token numbers of Jews. Where the attitude toward Jews is a little more liberal, there is a feeling that they should not "get out of proportion." One mid-western club admits Jews only if they join a Protestant church. In Salt Lake City much Jewish acceptance is based on economics. Clubs have found their Jewish members spend more money on the premises than other members.

The decline of athletic clubs—such as The Olympic Club in San Francisco, which once sponsored sports figures like James J. Corbett and National Tennis Champion Art Larsen—is traceable to racial attitudes. Until last month Olympic's bylaws limited membership to "white male citizens." The club's sponsorship of athletes began to wane after World War II. No Negro and only a few Jews ever competed for Olympic. The Santa Clara Youth Village track team was formed in 1952 as a protest to The Olympic Club's policy, and Olympic gradually dropped track and many other sports. Its wrestlers have been reluctant to compete against armed services' teams that include Negroes. Though the club has now removed all bars to membership, its real test is yet to come, for it has a 2½-year waiting list.

The Los Angeles Athletic Club refuses to give any information about its membership. But it is perhaps significant that it ceased sponsorship of track-and-field teams about the time that the Santa Clara team came into existence in San Francisco and a thoroughly integrated group, the Southern California Striders, was formed in Los Angeles.

In St. Louis the Missouri Athletic Club currently is voting on a proposal to remove the word "white" from the club's

bylaws. It appears in at least 10 places in the constitution.

The exclusion of individuals from sports clubs for racial reasons has become more and more obvious. In Detroit, after a recent press conference held at a Detroit club, a Negro TV reporter was ushered out through a back door. The Detroit Yacht Club has stopped handing out complimentary membership cards freely to the press and officials in the city government as these segments of society have become increasingly integrated.

The NYAC, boycotted and under siege, may be getting the headlines, but its policies are hardly unique.

## GOLDEN FLEECE

When Jean-Claude Killy posed with his collection of gold medals at Grenoble for *Paris Match* (page 22)—the photographs are now Exhibit A in the prosecution's case to convict him of professionalism—he was wearing a sheepskin coat acquired from a member of the Polish Olympic team. And last week while Killy's alleged wheeler (a Porsche) and dealing (with magazines and ski-equipment manufacturers) were being scrutinized by the International Ski Federation, authorities in Warsaw were dressing down their own Olympic athletes.

The Poles, who did not win a medal at the Games, had managed, it seems, to take a little gold home anyway by selling their team jackets, which were made of lambkin and handstitched with red-and-green highlander's ornaments. The coats brought \$200 apiece in Grenoble. Outraged by this après-ski occupation, Polish officials demanded that legal action be taken against the team for disposing of "state property." The Warsaw daily *Zywie Warszawy* declared, "Our athletes proved better tradesmen than sportsmen." But the newspaper's readers were evidently delighted by the capitalist escapade. "In Polish winter resorts we always buy equipment from visiting Western skiers," said one of the many

letters to the editor. "It is a pleasure to know that for once someone bought something from us."

The Polish team did bring home one prize from Grenoble, a cup for the best appearance and conduct, which led one Warsaw wag to remark, "They were too busy trading to misbehave."

## TIES THAT BIND

If Atlanta Falcon Coach Norb Hecker has anything to say about it—and he intends to at the National Football League meeting in Atlanta later this spring—regular-season games will not be allowed to end in ties. Hecker points out that the Falcons' one victory last season would have won them the league championship if they had managed to tie the other 13 games they played. "It is ridiculous," he says. "You could win one and tie 13 in the NFL and best out a team with a 13-1 record, because ties don't count. You'd have a perfect won-lost percentage of 1.000."

Hecker even has a plan that could prevent a lot of tie games. He suggests giving one point for a field goal made from the goal to the 10-yard line, two points from the 10 to the 20, three points from the 20 to the 30, four from the 30 to the 40, five from the 40 to the 50 and six points from beyond the 50.

Hecker thinks this would create interesting strategic decisions. "Say you're three points behind on an opponent's 25-yard line," he explains. "You can kick from there and go for a tie, or you can take a penalty, drop back five yards and kick for four points and a lead. Now the other side would also have a decision to make. Would they refuse the penalty or not?"

The Falcons will ask the league to test the proposals in exhibition games.

## MASS APPEAL

Americans tend to regard the Boston Marathon as a ludicrous exercise engaged in each April by some 700 runners who don't appreciate the proper joys of spring. But by European standards Boston's race is a minuscule event for the infirm, and the loneliness of the long-distance runner is fiction. For example, two Saturdays ago a field of 1,698 took part in the English Cross-country Championship, an event laid out across plowed fields, fences and streams. The winner covered the nine-mile distance in 43 minutes and 55 seconds, which

continued



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was just 29 minutes faster than the 856th finisher. Only 104 participants failed to complete the course.

On the following day, in Salen, Sweden, the world's longest ski race—50 miles—drew 7,887 starters, and 7,705 of them finished. The winner's time was seven hours and 33 minutes, and 2,145 of the skiers took less than 11 hours to complete the course.

Arise, Americans, and get on the move.

#### YOUNG TRULY, TOMMY

The arrival of warm weather at the Dorset Open brought out Tommy Bolt, with his 49-year-old aches and pains, his picture swing and his classic disposition.

But after an erratic nine holes the first day Tommy packed up. He left the clubhouse with his arms full of golf clubs, practice balls and shoes. On the way to his car a lady asked for an autograph. Bolt's complexion turned deep purple, his lips pursed and his blue eyes glared. "Which arm do you think I should use to sign with, ma'am?" he asked. The lady mumbled some indistinct reply, and Tommy snorted: "What do you expect me to do, throw everything down so I can sign your book?" With that, he dropped clubs, practice balls and shoes—scattering them in all directions—autographed the lady's program and roared, "You know, I pay my own way around here. I don't owe you nuthin'."

#### TIMELY SUGGESTION

At their meetings in Mexico City last November baseball officials said they would enforce the 20-second rule between pitches in order to speed up the game. Now there is a suggestion that the majors use an electric timer, somewhat like pro basketball. A buzzer would sound at the end of 20 seconds. If the batter was not in the box, he would be fined one strike, and if the pitcher had not started his pitching motion, he would be penalized a ball. The main advocate of the timer is Ray Dumont, president of the National Baseball Congress, who says his organization has used it successfully at tournaments for the last five years.

Neither Joe Cronin nor Warren Giles is particularly impressed. "I'm not much for mechanical devices in baseball," says Giles. "They remove the personality of the game. I don't think the 20-second rule is going to be noticeable in speeding up the game, but it may help. We

have asked umpires to acquaint themselves with what 20 seconds amounts to, but they will not be given stopwatches."

We know exactly what 20 seconds amounts to: one scowl at the catcher, two inspections of centerfield, seven tugs at the cap, four lickings of the finger tips and, at last, .

Who needs a timer?

#### CLOSED SHOP

A few weeks ago in an upstairs room of a pub in Wheaton-Aston, England, the Staffordshire Poachers' Union held its annual dinner. As was only fitting for such an occasion, the fare—pheasant and rabbit—had been poached from nearby estates. Though the union's very existence, let alone its activities, is regarded



by authorities as a conspiracy against the Crown, it has flourished secretly for seven years. Annual dues provide a fund that is used to pay the court fines of members who are caught and prosecuted. The members pool all their killings, and if one of them becomes ill the union gives financial assistance and sees to it that he has plenty of food—pheasant, partridge, trout and the like.

The group was formed when poachers from other districts began coming into Staffordshire. "We know the tracks of the trade and figured it was high time we had an organization to protect our common interests," the chairman of the union explains. "We only take what we consider to be our fair share of the good things of life."

#### SORE HEAD

When you're a loser, things take on unusual proportions. There is, for instance, the case of Arizona State Basketball

Coach Ned Wulk, whose team was 11-17 for the season. At a recent game in Laramie, Wyo., a fan threw an object that hit Wulk on his bald spot. Wyoming officials said it was a peanut. Wulk retorted, "It hurt more than a peanut—and besides, it didn't feel salty."

#### EXPANSIVE MOOD

Mexico City is a hot football town? Apparently so. The Dallas Cowboy games were carried on local TV for the first time last year, and by the end of the season as many people were watching Cowboy games as televised soccer.

Quite naturally, Dallas has become the home-town favorite, and there were numerous fist fights in Mexico City over the outcome of the NFL Championship Game. A professor of ancient history at the University of Mexico, who was watching the game with a group of his colleagues, was knocked out when he made the mistake of whooping with pleasure when Green Bay's Bart Starr scored the winning touchdown.

Nineteen NFL games, the majority of them Cowboy contests, will be shown in Mexico City next season, and in August Detroit and Philadelphia will play an exhibition game there, the first NFL football match ever to be held outside the U.S. A sellout crowd of more than 100,000 is expected.

A few weeks ago Cowboy General Manager Tex Schramm visited Mexico City with some of the Dallas team. "There won't be any more talk about expansion franchises until 1970," he said. "But you can be sure that when the time comes I'll actively encourage a franchise for Mexico."

Ole!

#### THEY SAID IT

• Jack McCloskey, Wake Forest basketball coach, after his team lost to St. Joseph's of Philadelphia: "I don't mind when we play a Catholic school and the referee is Catholic, but when the game is on Ash Wednesday and the ref shows up with a smudge on his forehead I know I'm in trouble."

• Louis (Red) Klotz, owner and player-coach of the team that has played exhibitions against the Harlem Globetrotters for the past 17 years (its record in the series—three wins, 3,492 losses): "I have never told one of my players not to score. I only advise them not to try and be wise guys."

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# A TALE OF TWO IDOLS

*Claims that Jean-Claude Killy accepted money and that soccer's Sir Stanley Matthews had given some away furnished two of sport's shining names*

by PAUL RESS and GWILYM S. BROWN



*When Killy was accused of accepting pay to pass exclusively for 'Paris Match' with his Grenoble haul of medals, his troubles began.*



Idolatry has always been an icky thing. Webster's defines it as "the worship of a made image"—and given the perpetual corruption by tarnish, rust, mold, age, vandalism, foul weather and pigeons, obviously any made image can be utterly unmade in no time at all. And so it was last week that two of the best-made images in the pantheon of sport—Jean-Claude Killy, 24, the swami cum symbolism of youth, sex, France and international derring-do on skis, and Sir Stanley Matthews, 53, for three decades the sterling-silver Joe DiMaggio of British soccer—wound up in scolding hot water.

That both cases—totally separate, but equally startling—were rooted in inconsistency, bureaucracy and blatant hypocrisy made them no less shocking to devout admirers of the pair. In both instances, money was, of course, said to be the basic, corrupting influence, but it required the most zealous and punitarian interpretation of rules seldom invoked (indeed, rules almost always overlooked) to deface, even temporarily, the images of Jean-Claude and Sir Stanley.

Of course, Killy's alleged indiscretions caught far more headlines across the world than Matthews' because any young swinger fresh from a triple Olympic championship is bound to fascinate readers more than a middle-aged retired professional soccer star, however splendid his playing days may have been. The charges flung at Killy had to do with that phantasmagoric old hagaboo professionalism. Well, for years every ski writer in the world has known that every serious racer in Europe gets financial help from his government, from ski firms and from national ski federations. Ski Coach Honore Bonnet once put it, "The last amateur skier I knew was Karam Aga Khan."

Nevertheless, whatever the realities of it may be, Killy's character came up for assassination in the Paris press two weeks ago because he was alleged to have made some money beyond his official government employment as a *développeur* or customs official, a *nenjoh* awarded to French skiers much as college scholarships are given to U.S. football players. The crucify-Killy campaign was

started by the satirical weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné* (The Fettered Duck), which flatly accused him of selling to *Paris Match* an exclusive color picture of himself wearing his Olympic gold medals. For that, plus several other pictures and a couple of pages of first-person statements, *Le Canard* claimed Killy was paid \$7,000. Other newspapers climbed on the scandal wagon. Even *Le Figaro*, financially linked to *Paris Match*, said, "By his apparent cold manner, by his realism which borders on cynicism, Jean-Claude Killy has most certainly played the role of the sorcerer's apprentice."

Then Killy turned up driving a flashy orange Porsche worth \$7,000 or so, and now the press wondered loudly where a poor customs agent would get the money to buy such a machine. Of course, by this time there was more than enough associative guilt and poisoned speculation in the air so that someone just had to do something official. So Marc Hodler, president of the International Ski Federation (FIS), got up from his desk and declared flatly, "Killy must no longer be authorized to participate in an international ski competition. A decision concerning his amateurism will be taken in the next few days. Killy seems to have lost all sense of measure."

Hot on Hodler's heels, Boern Kjelstroem, chairman of the FIS eligibility committee, announced that he was suspending Killy and gave the skier a deadline of March 8 to "prove that he wasn't a professional." Quite a few people felt that the FIS had yet to prove that Killy was not an amateur, but for the moment Jean-Claude stood guilty as charged. It hardly seemed to matter that the charges were brought by newspapers, and that they were based on alleged violations of "laws" that any realist knew were anachronistic as well as foolishly idealistic.

As it turned out, Killy had plenty of realistic supporters. Among them was French Sports Minister François Mitterrand, who said grandly, "I want to express my solidarity with Killy. I intend

roadside



On his way to be knighted by the Queen, Sir Stanley was jeering in outway and top hat

personally to hand him his red ribbon of the Legion of Honor." But Jean-Claude was his own best advocate. "I am fed up with all this hypocrisy," he said. "My conscience is clear, I have never cheated. To tell the truth, not a single competitor at the Grenoble Games could have taken part in the Olympic competitions if the rules of amateurism had been applied to the letter."

Well, lo and behold, once the novelty of the scandal began to fade, even the Paris papers began to creep back in Killy's defense. Now *Le Monde* labeled the attacks on him "ridiculous and shocking" and said that the FIS had better take another look at its rules—"otherwise it isn't one ski racer who should be disqualified but all the actors in the white circus." And, sure enough, the FIS did a perfect backward somersault in that old white circus ring. Hodler announced now that he would not disbar Killy if he would swear in writing that there was no money for him in the *Paris Match* story and pictures. Killy did just that. And the Porsche? Jean-Claude's father, a reasonably prosperous hotel and ski-shop owner in Val-d'Isère, declared that he and Killy's grandparents had given him the car. "We are in a financial position to do so," he said with pardonable pride. And Killy himself added coolly: "For those who are interested, I have already owned two Porsches, two Alfa Romeos and two Peugeot 404s. Nobody ever asked me about them."

By the end of the week, the FIS was in full retreat. Although holding out vague prospects of an investigation, Kjellström's eligibility committee decided to hold off any action until the ski season is over—at which point Killy will turn professional, anyway. In spite of the new pressures of the controversy put on him, Killy won the World Cup giant slalom at Méribel, France last weekend, and this week he arrived in the U.S. for the Roch Cup races in Aspen. Though slightly scratched, his idol's image was far from destroyed by the tempest over his amateurism. Yet he is neither fool nor purist nor hypocrite when it comes to the realities of his time. Ironically enough, he said it best in the very same *Paris Match* article that helped start the controversy. "It is impossible to practice a sport as it was practiced 40 years ago. Sport without money—that is a millionaire's concept. I am the first



Sir Stanley, shown at 80 in his 110th game, was never penalized in his 32 years of play.

to say that if people had not helped me with my equipment, my trips, etc., I would never have become what I am. I plan to finish the World Cup races and, after that, well I hope to earn as much money as possible, with the least possible effort."

But whereas Jean-Claude Killy symbolizes the *joue de vivre* of youth and the gulf-and-champagne mode of enjoying his rewards and the to-hell-with-my-elders insouciance of his generation, Sir Stanley Matthews is quite a different hero. He was known as a man of ascetic demeanor, Spartan determination and flawless performance in a soccer match. He is almost a saintly man to millions of Englishmen. That his image has been stained is more ironic—and, in a way, considerably sadder—than in the case of Killy.

Stanley Matthews was known as The Wizard of Dribble, a soccer player who could make a ball act like a yo-yo attached to his feet; he could throw massed crowds into spasms of ecstasy just by

trotting out to his right-wing position on the field. And his career was quite as remarkable for its longevity as for its skill. He played his first Football League game for the First Division Stoke City team in 1932 when he was 17. He played his last game for the same team, after 14½ magnificent years with Blackpool, in 1965 when he was 50 years old. That same year he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth.

Despite the dazzle of his play and the fervor of the acclaim for him, Matthews remained what a friend once described as "a soft, simple, modest sort of guy—all very much in keeping with the British character." True enough. He was born in Stoke, one of the five pottery towns made famous by Novelist Arnold Bennett but even better known for its production of Spode and Wedgwood china. The family income was exceedingly modest—Matthews' father was a professional boxer—but young Stanley began to pay his own way as a professional soccer player when he was just

15 He apparently inherited none of his father's liking for fistcuffs, for not once in more than 50 international matches and over 700 league games was Stanley Matthews ever sent off the field for misconduct.

Matthews never smoked, never drank and has always kept himself in steady physical condition. Almost obsessively modest, he invariably left the few dinners or dances he could not avoid attending at an outrageously early hour, usually slipping silently out through the kitchen. "I don't mind if I'm with the team," Matthews said once when he was asked about the public adulation for him.

"But on my own it's terrible. My face burns and I feel like a cornered rabbit." When he finally retired, there was a special exhibition game in Stoke that drew players and spectators from everywhere and was televised to 11 European countries, and he was praised in a Football League proclamation that said Sir Stanley had never been guilty of "any act, on or off the field, which could have brought the game of the Football League into disrepute."

Once he quit playing, Sir Stanley went back to the Five Towns area of his boyhood, signed on as general manager of Port Vale, a mediocre and debt-ridden Fourth Division club. But Stanley Matthews wasn't up to the challenge. Brilliant as he was on the field, he was a failure as an executive, and the fortunes of Port Vale soccer continued to be misfortunes. Sir Stanley was not the drawing card for brilliant young players that had been expected, indeed, it turned out that Matthews' Port Vale club was using quite a different kind of lure.

Last month the British Football Association found the club guilty of several serious offenses—including payment of weekly wages to schoolboys and amateurs, recruiting underage boys and offering extra bonuses to players for signing with the club or for winning specific games. The association found there had been "gross negligence," levied a £2,000 fine and ruled that the board of directors, the secretary and the general manager—Stanley Matthews—be "severely censured."

Last week, Port Vale was fined another £2,000, and summarily expelled by the Football League, the first time such action had been taken in 49 years.

Well, unquestionably, what the club was doing broke all the official laws of

the league. But Sir Stanley's team was not exactly perpetrating some new form of skulduggery on British soccer. Bonuses and payments to "amateurs" are as common as barked shins around the league, and what has shocked most experts is not the rascality demonstrated by Port Vale's management but its stupidity. "There are many ways of getting around the rule against extra inducement," said one active observer of the league. "You can write them into a player's contract as salary, which is legal. Or you can hand a gift of money to the parent instead of the schoolboy. That's hard to trace, you know."

Astonishingly enough, Port Vale management had actually recorded the illegal payments in the minutes of its meetings—an action so hopelessly naive that the general reaction around the league is one of sympathy for some dear, dim-witted friends rather than animosity toward a crowd of scoundrels. "I realize regulations are made to keep," said Albert Henshall, chairman of the Stoke City club, "but I honestly believe that Port Vale has the sympathies of other

league clubs. It is almost certain they will be voted back into the league at the annual meeting." The suspension is effective May 25 and the meeting scheduled for June 8, so this action against Port Vale is obviously little more than a paper punishment.

And as for the harassed and embarrassed idol Sir Stanley Matthews, he was ignominiously ducking through more back exits and kitchen doors than ever before. Although he almost broke the public record for continuous no-comment, he finally did mumble bravely to a reporter, "I feel neither the club nor any official has reason for self-reproach."

Possibly so. But when it comes to the world of idols, the reproach comes not from oneself but from the disappointed millions who have made a man into an image for worship. And, as Jean-Claude Killy and Sir Stanley Matthews have learned, unfair as it may be, the reproach is quick to come because people do not like to have their gods suddenly turn into ordinary corrupted mortals—however uncertain or hypocritical the cause for demotion may be. **END**



One big question in the Killy affair was how a customs inspector could afford a Porsche.

# REMATCH FOR ELVIN AND BIG LEW

*The early rounds of the NCAA basketball tournament will produce some fascinating strategy and close games, and they should lead to the semifinal confrontation everyone awaits*

by JOE JARES

After Houston defeated UCLA last January in the Astrodome, establishing that the Bruins were less than immortal after all, Lew Alcindor sat dejectedly in his dressing-room cubicle, slowly shaking his fist. "Never again, never again," he said. It was about the only dramatic thing he had done on a night that belonged completely to Houston's Elvin Hayes.

Since then the conjecture has been that these two teams and their rival demigods, Big Lew and Big E, would meet again in the semifinal round of the NCAA tournament at the Sports Arena in Los Angeles. The way the draw is set up (*opposite*) they cannot meet in the finals and, of course, they must shove and elbow their way past some fine teams even to reach the semis, but a rematch does seem inevitable. Then the Bruins will be playing in *their* home town and in an arena thoroughly familiar to them. UCLA practically owns the Los Angeles Coliseum, which is staged in the Sports Arena, and not so long ago played all its home games there. The ushers know *Half to the Hills of Westwood* by heart. Easily 90% of the 10,000 tickets already sold to the public went to people in the southern California area, most of whom will do all in their lungpower to reverse that decision under the Dome.

"I don't visualize any problem with the crowd," said Houston Coach Guy Lewis. "When you're going for the national championship, you aren't going to let the crowd bother you. I'm more worried about UCLA."

He should be. The Bruins seem to be hungrier and more aggressive since the Houston loss. Alcindor, who shot poorly under the Dome because of a scratched eyeball suffered in an earlier game and was sluggish from the attendant layoff,

is "devastating" again, according to California Coach Rene Herreras. "Lew is the greatest I've ever seen, just fantastic," he said after Alcindor made 11 of 15 shots in the first half of a recent game against the Bears.

Except for Lew's return to form, UCLA's offense has not changed much, but John Wooden has made the trap zone an important part of his defense. Now when Alcindor clears the board the zone enables UCLA's wingmen to take off more quickly on Wooden's pet fast breaks. Edgar Lacey's quitting has not appeared to hurt appreciably. Mike Lynn is a better shooter, Jim Nielsen has more brawn and everybody gets to play more, boosting morale.

Houston is also missing a man. Guard George Reynolds, a slick passer and all-court hustler, is ineligible for NCAA competition because he did not have enough credits when he transferred to Houston from a California junior college. "He meant a great deal to our offense," says Lewis. "He was leading the team in assists, in fact. But I think my son Vern will be able to replace George on defense all right."

Before UCLA starts worrying about how to stop Elvin, however, it must worry about the state of New Mexico. In the West Regional this weekend in Albuquerque, the Bruins are likely to be playing New Mexico State and New Mexico on successive nights—each time before close to 15,000 cactus-country basketball fans. The UNM Arena is mostly underground; it is called "The Pit" by students, "The Snakepit" by visitors. Against Purdue and Houston in similar circumstances, UCLA did not do so well.

New Mexico State made it to the Friday night game by beating Big Sky cham-

pion Weber State last weekend 68-57, and that was the Aggies' first NCAA tournament victory in six tries. They have piled up a 22-5 record since almost upsetting Houston in last year's playoffs, but the red, white and blue "Go Aggies" bumper stickers, the Aggie press and their outstanding sophomore from Syracuse, Jimmy Collins, should not be enough to upset UCLA. State is quick, but it is also inexperienced and tends to get in foul trouble.

New Mexico, which finished first in the Western Athletic Conference after being picked to finish next to last—if it were to finish at all—has lost Greg Howard, its top rebounder and third best scorer. He is ineligible because of the same kind of JC-transfer rule that eliminated Reynolds of Houston. The Lobos still have 6' 8" center Ron Sanford, who knows all about Alcindor from their prep days in New York City, and leading scorer Ron Nelson. New Mexico has never played a single NCAA tournament game, but with the home-court advantage it should not be embarrassed.

"This is the greatest-working group of kids I've ever coached," said New Mexico's Bob King. "They have guts, poise and just great effort."

Friday night against Santa Clara, the champion of the West Coast Athletic Conference, the Lobos probably will win without Howard. Santa Clara plays deliberate, set-up ball, trying to feed sophomore center Dennis (Tree) Awtry. Tough forward Bud Ogden plays every game as if he were battling demons. With him around, even if the Broncos lose a game, there's still a good chance they'll win the fight that follows. Santa Clara is a good, young team, but it did not clinch its league title until the last weekend of the regular season and it seems too much to ask for the Broncos to beat New Mexico in the Lobos' own den.

Against UCLA, the Lobos will have the same problems that frustrate every team except Houston—lack of size, skill and experience to counter all that Bruin talent. Even with a Niagara of numbing noise bouncing off the flat ceiling and crashing down to the court just 36 feet below (including the contributions of the 490 standing spectators allowed by the Albuquerque fire department), UCLA should get by.

Houston has an even scarier route to

continued

## EAST REGIONAL

ST. BONAVENTURE March 9 Kingston, N.Y. BOSTON COLLEGE	NORTH CAROLINA March 15 Raleigh, N.C. ST. BONAVENTURE
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LA SALLE  
March 9  
College Park, Md  
CDA 44-1114

EdVeddon  
March 5  
College Park Md  
ST. JOHN 5

NORTH CAROLINA  
March 15  
Raleigh N.C.  
ST. BONAVENTURE

COLUMBIA  
March 15  
Raleigh NC  
DAVIDSON

March 16  
Belgium 19 C

SEMIFINALS  
March 22  
Los Angeles

## MID-EAST REGIONAL

BOWLING GREEN  
March 9  
Kent Ohio  
MARQUETTE

EAST TENNESSEE  
March 9  
Miami Ohio  
FLORIDA STATE

KENTUCKY  
March 25  
Lexington, Ky  
MARQUETTE

EAST TENNESSEE  
March 15  
Washington, Pa.  
BIG TEN CHAMPION

March 18  
Lansing 8.

**FINALS**  
 March 23  
 Los Angeles

CHAMPION

### MIDWEST REGIONAL

HOUSTON  
March 9  
Gulf Lake City  
LOUISIANA OF CHICAGO

LOUISVILLE  
March 25  
Wichita Falls  
HOUSTON

March 16  
Wichita, Kan.

TEB  
March 15  
Wichita Falls  
KANSAS STATE

SEMI-FINALS  
March 22  
Los Angeles

### WEST REGIONAL

NEBER STATE  
March 8  
Salt Lake City  
NEW MEXICO STATE

WCLA  
March 15  
Albuquerque  
NEW MEXICO STATE

Figure 16  
All system time

NEW MEXICO  
March 13  
Albuquerque  
SANTA CLARA

## hohenegarth

the semifinals. The zigzag trail started last Saturday in Salt Lake City, where the Cougars disposed of independent Loyola of Chicago 94-76. (The Big E scored 49 points and his career in pro basketball seems more promising every day.) The next stop is Wichita, where Friday night they have to face Louisville, winner of the Missouri Valley Conference. This might be the best game in all the regionals.

The Louisville Cardinals, this year nicknamed the Cardiac Cards because of their close games, won their last 12 in a row after a poor start. They have two fine guards, Fred Holden and Butch Beard, and Mike Grosso, a 6' 9", 230-pound transfer from South Carolina, is at last eligible and reasonably healthy, although his injured knee must be drained almost daily. But the important man, the guy his teammates refer to as T.P. (Top Player), is Westley Unseld, a star of only slightly less magnitude than Hayes and Alcindor.

Louisville even has a play called T.P.—which is, essentially, to give the ball to Unseld, clear out of his way in a hurry and watch as he either turns and puts in a jump shot or improvises some tricky way to twirl around his opponent and score on a layup. He is a bulky young man (215 pounds and just below 6' 7", despite school publicity that describes him as taller), and when he charges to the basket it is as if an ox had suddenly reared up on its hind legs and tried the boogaloo.

The Cardinals have adjusted to new Coach John Dromo and his multiple defenses and pattern offense, but Grosso will have to be ready to help Unseld on the boards if they are to win. Dromo is looking forward to everything but the wardrobe war. "I don't want to have to spend the money that Guy Lewis will on his dress," he said. "He can get the finest sport jackets I ever saw. Outside of competing with him on clothes, the boys and I are happy to be playing Houston. We think we have a great team. I would pay to see Unseld against Hayes."

The Houston-Louisville winner will play the survivor of the Kansas State-Texas Christian game (probably K-State) for the Midwest Regional title. K-State's strength is its zone defense, and neither Houston nor Louisville attacks a zone particularly well. As a Midwestern coach said, "Strange things can happen to a superior team up against a

good zone." Still, the Cougars or the Cards should have the patience and the talent to overcome the coaching maneuverers of K-State's Tex Winter, who won the Big Eight this season when he should not have come close.

The best-balanced regional will be in Raleigh where North Carolina, after winning the Atlantic Coast Conference tournament, plays undefeated St. Bonaventure and Columbia plays Davidson. Any one of these teams could make it to the final game in L.A.

The Bonnies did not play nearly as demanding a schedule as North Carolina, but their win over Boston College last weekend in Rhode Island gave them a big boost. Sophomore center Bob Lanier is strong, fairly quick, graceful and perhaps the best rebounder east of El-

vin. He promises to give Carolina's Rusty Clark a bad time.

The key to the game will be how the dexterous Bonnie guards, Jim Satalin and Billy Kalbaugh, handle Carolina's half-court pressure defense, the Tar Heels' most potent weapon. Dick Grubar, who held North Carolina State's Eddie Biedenbach to five points in the ACC title game, will be nose to nose with Kalbaugh, an old high school rival from upstate New York. The St. Bonaventure guards must get the ball inside to Lanier and sharp-shooting Forward Bill Butler, but they have not been pressured all year by a team of Carolina's caliber.

North Carolina does not shoot well outside, so the Bonnies' zone could give it trouble. Grubar will have to bat from the zone perimeter and All-America Lat-



Hayes vs. Alcindor: Elvis won the first round, a title most likely would hang on a second.

ry Miller and Charlie Scott will have to fight their way in closer to score. If Langer can be held somewhat in check, Carolina should move on to meet the Columbia-Davidson winner.

The Tar Heels probably hope it will be Columbia because their in-state rival, tiny Davidson, has been aching for a long time to get a shot at the big state school and would be fared up enough to tear the whole city of Raleigh apart. Davidson is uncommonly deep. Coach Lefty Driesell can go to his bench and send in last year's leading scorer, 6' 9" Rodney Knowles. He may start Knowles to counteract the Lions' 7-footer Dave Newmark, but he also has 6' 6" Doug Cook and 6' 7" Mike Maloy to play in the key. "Davidson has almost as much material as UCLA," says West Virginia's Buckie Waters.

Columbia was most impressive in beating Princeton in the Ivy playoff and manhandling La Salle 83-69 last weekend. Newmark's injured ankle still is not completely healed, but his mere presence in the lineup seems to help. And the Lions have two of the finest sophomores in the nation, Forward Jim McMillan and Guard Heyward Dotson, plus Roger Walaszek, a fine driver and the leading scorer last year. Columbia's lack of speed probably won't matter because Davidson is such a deliberate team. The edge probably should go to the Wildcats because of their deeper bench, overall height advantage and the fact that they will be playing in their home state.

North Carolina can be beaten at Raleigh by any of the other three teams, but if the Tar Heels maintain the defense that has carried them all season and continue to camouflage their shooting deficiencies, they will make it into the semifinals for the second straight year.

SEC champion Kentucky will have a nice advantage in the Midwest Regional. The games will be played right there in Lexington where Adolph Rupp has been winning and winning almost since the sport was invented. This season the Wildcats, starting three exceptional sophomores, won 12 games at home without a loss. Besides, Kentucky appears to have the best team of the four, a typical smooth-functioning Rupp machine.

Friday night Kentucky plays Marquette, which barely sneaked past Bowling Green to reach Lexington. Despite an impressive early-season win at St. John's, Marquette lost two of its last

three regular-season games and does not have much height, although 6' 2" George Thompson can leap with practically anybody up to 6' 8". The fact that Coach Al McGuire wants to quit and move to the new NBA franchise in Milwaukee (the school is refusing to let him go) might well affect the team.

In the other Midwest game the Ohio Valley's East Tennessee plays the winner of this week's Big Ten playoff, Iowa or Ohio State. Ohio State has a big, strong front line, Iowa has superb Sam Williams and East Tennessee has Harley Swift, but none of the three seems capable of stopping Kentucky.

No matter which teams battle their way out of the regionals in Raleigh and Lexington, the game everyone eagerly awaits at Los Angeles is Houston-

UCLA, and the Cougars are blissfully confident they can win again. "We've improved I don't know how much since the UCLA game," says Elvin Hayes, seldom bashful about speaking his mind. "They couldn't play us as close now as they did then. If we played 'em again, we'd beat 'em worse, and it couldn't matter if it was on their own floor."

As for the Bruins, they say they are grimly determined but not vengeful. "Revenge is something I don't harbor," says Wooden. "I believe if I don't harbor it, my boys don't harbor it."

Just the same, UCLA should avenge its defeat by beating Houston this time and going on to win its fourth collegiate championship in five years.

The cry in the Sports Arena will be "Remember the Astrodome!"

END



Davidson's top rebounder, Maloy, takes one from St. John's. His next foe: Columbia's Newmark.

# THE RANGERS ON THE RAMPAGE

Led by a night owl, a homebody and a practical joker, New York has shaken its early miseries and gathered a winning momentum that could end in its first Stanley Cup victory since 1940 **by PETE AXTHELM**

**R**od Gilbert adjusted the knot in his custom-made tie, combed his long dark hair and buttoned his double-breasted burgundy sports jacket. A black eye, the mark of one of teammate Vic Hadfield's slap shots, detracted little from his striking good looks; a painful bruise on the back of his leg—from another Hadfield shoe—could not keep Gilbert from smiling. "You're going to have to start scoring without my help," he said to Hadfield. "I'm going to stop standing in front of the net when you shoot."

"When I shoot," said Hadfield, "the safest place to be is right in front of the net."

Gilbert laughed as he walked past Hadfield and out of the New York Ranger dressing room. He could hardly have been in a better mood. The Rangers were winning. Rod was fighting for the National Hockey League scoring title, and a stunning dark-haired girl was waiting for him. Beautiful girls have long been a part of Gilbert's life, but the victories and the personal glory are new and pleasant additions. "I've never enjoyed a season more," he said. "In other years the last few weeks of the season got to be a drag. Now time is going by so fast that I can hardly keep track of the games."

Those who do keep track know that the Rangers, led by Gilbert and his long-time friend and linemate, Jean Ratelle, are playing the best hockey in the league. In their last 17 games they have won 11, tied four and lost only two, a streak that has carried them into second place in the East Division behind the Montreal Canadiens. They are still in a tight race with Boston and Chicago, and some New York fans, conditioned by years of disappointment, point out that even a mild slump could drop the Rangers

back into fourth. But the club is playing so well now that first seems just as possible as fourth, and second—a height New York has not attained in 10 years—appears very likely.

At midseason, many Ranger followers would have been happy to settle for fourth. The Rangers were near the bottom of the division and losing steadily to the other established clubs. In fact, they would have dropped deep into last place if they had not managed to win almost every game from the expansion teams. As bad as they looked, however, the Rangers had one important asset. Emile Francis, the general manager and coach, had built a team with depth, and he had managed to maintain that depth while the expansion draft was severely depleting the reserves of every other club except Montreal. As the long season progressed, that one factor changed the complexion of the East Division race.

Detroit and Toronto were the first to collapse as older stars weakened and no new ones arrived to replace them. Boston, the early leader, fell back largely because of injuries to one man, Bobby Orr. And Chicago, with the best individual stars but possibly the least depth of all, was forced to place a huge burden on Stan Mikita and Bobby Hull, the Black Hawks may well tire through the final weeks and the playoffs, as they have often done in the past.

The Canadiens, with a seemingly inexhaustible supply of fast and talented young players, were the first to take advantage of the problems of the other teams. In three weeks they spurred from last to first and began to pull away. The Rangers took a little longer to get going and, while they may not be able to catch Montreal, their own streak has been almost as impressive.

Strangely, the New York resurgence

may have begun with what seemed like a crushing blow. On the night of January 10 in Chicago the Rangers, who were finally beginning to play well, faced the Hawks, who had won nine home games in a row. Midway in the first period, Hadfield raced into a corner for the puck, somehow lost his balance and plunged headfirst into the boards. He lay still for several minutes, then was carried off on a stretcher as a pall settled over the game. An hour later the players' worst fears—a head injury—were alleviated; but they also found that Vic had a broken right shoulder and would be lost for at least a dozen games.

An injury to a top-scoring threat and rugged fighter like Hadfield can hurt any team; it could have been especially damaging to a struggling fifth-place club. Francis knew that if he could not put an adequate replacement on the line with Gilbert and Ratelle, he would lose much of his scoring strength; he gambled that little Camille Henry could do the job. Henry was once a prolific scorer, but he is now 35 and he missed all last season after a dispute with the Black Hawk management. Francis had taken a chance by bringing him out of retirement, and he took an even bigger one by asking him to fill in for Hadfield.

Henry scored two goals that night to gain a 3-3 tie with the Hawks and went on to play very well while Hadfield was out. More important, it was his presence that seemed to bring Gilbert and Ratelle out of a long slump. "Cammy did a great job," says Ratelle, "and he made us change our style. He was slower and smaller than Vic, so Rod and I had to set up more plays and go into

*combustion*

Attacking the Minnesota goal in Saturday's game are Jean Ratelle (18) and Rod Gilbert (17), the highest-scoring pair in Ranger history.







Stopped in an effort to score in Selkirk's 3-0 loss to Montreal, Bobby Hull (2) may be living since Hawks, unlike Rangers, do not have depth to give their stars adequate rest.

#### RANGERS continued

the corners more to get the puck." Once they begin digging and hitting, Gilbert and Ratelle also began scoring. "Cammy helped a lot," says Gilbert, "and we were getting into our best condition at that time, too. We really started to go."

Francis had waited a long time for Rod and Jean to finally go. The two kids from Montreal arrived at Francis' junior team in Guelph, Ont. nine years ago and soon convinced the coach that they would be stars in the NHL. But both have been hampered by injuries—Gilbert has undergone two serious back operations and Ratelle one—and both have always fallen short of their potential. This year they were reunited on a regular line for the first time since they played at Guelph. All the injuries and slumps were supposed to be behind them; they were ready to become everything Francis had hoped for.

Instead they flopped. As they failed to score during more and more early-season games, people understandably began to wonder about them. Was Ratelle, who after all had scored only 58 goals in parts of seven seasons in the NHL, really that good to begin with? Could Gilbert play hockey and still keep up his heavy East Side social schedule? The doubts remained until Henry came off the bench to replace Hadfield. Playing with Camille, Rod and Jean started clicking; and when Hadfield returned the three of them matured into one of the NHL's most powerful lines. During one

recent 15-game stretch, the two combined for 22 goals and 32 assists. Gilbert and Ratelle are challenging Mikita and Hull for the scoring leadership; Hadfield, who has the hardest and most unpredictable shot on the line, would be close to them if he had not missed 15 games with his shoulder injury. "With two big shooters like Vic and Rod," says Francis, "I think it's one of the most exciting lines that ever played."

It is also an unusual line. For one thing, it does not spend a disproportionate amount of time on the ice. "That's one big advantage of having three balanced lines," Francis insists. "When you have two other lines that you can count on to hold the opposition on even terms, you don't have to put too much pressure on your big line." Gilbert agrees: "One thing that has helped us get stronger toward the end of the year is the way Emile has saved us. He has so many other good players that he doesn't have to use us too much and tire us out." If Billy Reay of Chicago had the depth to offer similar rests to Mikita and Hull, the Hawks might be far ahead of the league. But only Francis—and Toe Blake of Montreal—have that depth, and it is they that are finishing strongest.

Off the ice, the Rangers' big scorers are not nearly as close as the members of other top lines, such as Chicago's Scooters. Gilbert spends much of his free time, along with Bob Nevin, another

unmarried Ranger, in the dating bars on Second Avenue and the liveliest spots on the road. Ratelle is a quiet family man who keeps to himself on most road trips. Hadfield, the club practical joker, gets along well with his French linemates despite his well-known feud with every Frenchman who ever played for Montreal, but he does not hang around with Gilbert or Ratelle.

The contrasts among the three men come through in almost everything they say. Ratelle speaks most comfortably in French; in English he manages a mumbled, garbled, partly Gallic dialect that inspires Hadfield to remind him often, "Jean, how many times do I have to tell you, move your nose before you talk." Hadfield's own voice is loud and clear, with a wide range of variations and orchestrations—faked voices on telephones are among his favorite stunts. He once called teammate Earl Ingarfield in western Canada, impersonated a Boston executive and almost convinced Earl that he had been traded and should begin driving across the continent to Boston. Recently he kept the voluble Boom Boom Geoffrion on the phone for a half-hour "interview" by imitating a newspaperman.

Gilbert speaks both English and French smoothly and articulately. Presumably he would handle Mongolian with equal dexterity if the right Mongolian stewardess appeared in Mr. Laff's pub some night after a game. "Sure I



Montreal's Guy Lapointe, making diving save in Chicago game, registered two shutouts during the week as the Canadiens won three games to strengthen their hold on first place.



Boston kept in fight for second even without Bobby Orr, who has an injured knee.

go out a lot," he was saying after a 6-1 rout of Detroit last week. "I'm a single guy. What do you expect me to do, sit home? I'm a sociable type, and I like to meet people. I know that when I was going badly, people said it was because I go out too much, but that's not true. I'm going out just as much now as I did when I wasn't scoring. The people who criticize me when they see me somewhere don't realize that it's my way of relaxing. Some guys like to sleep, I like to chase girls."

"We don't have curfews except on the night before a game," says Francis. "On those nights I expect the players to be in bed by 11. On the other nights they're free to go out but, believe me, if they overdo it I'll know. You don't have to be a detective to see when a guy is out of shape. That hasn't been the case with Rod and Nevvy. Going out didn't cause Rod's slow start. He held out and missed two weeks of training camp; that hurt more than anything."

"I've talked with the coach about this subject," Rod says, concluding his speech on the matter with a flourish. "He understands that I would never do anything to jeopardize the team. My teammates know that, too. I have a lot of fun in life, but my responsibility to them comes first." The next morning Gilbert and Nevvy missed a team bus.

The bus was taking the Rangers to West Point, N.Y., for an exhibition game. It left at the ungodly hour of 10 a.m.

The other Rangers who live on Long Island, about 40 minutes away by train, all made it to the bus. Gilbert and Nevvy, who live on the East Side, about 10 minutes away by cab, just missed it. They grabbed another cab, chased the bus 40 blocks and finally hailed it down. As they boarded, Francis grumbled something about a fine. "Fine them \$200 each," quipped Donnie Marshall, "and we'll whack it up and make this trip worth our while."

"What happened?" asked a reporter. "We couldn't find a cab for an hour," Nevvy tried, not very hopefully. Francis growled at him. Gilbert looked the reporter in the eye and said, with a perfectly straight face, "I must admit I overslept. I couldn't get to sleep for half the night, because I was so tensed up about the game."

A few players stifled laughter, and the bus fell silent. A moment later Ron Stewart called out, "Hey, coach, aren't you gonna give Nevvy back his \$2.50 for the cab fare?" This time the players did break up, and Francis joined them. The Rangers are laughing often these days. They don't seem to feel the pressure of the close race, because they are too busy enjoying all the good things that are happening to them.

In addition to the dramatic rise of Gilbert and Ratelle, New York has been pleasantly surprised by Defensemen Jim Neilson and Rod Seiling. Neilson, a willing but awkward plodder for five years,

is suddenly doing everything right; he probably ranks second only to Orr among NHL defensemen, and he is a lot less prone to injury. Seiling, too docile in past trials with the Rangers, has become aggressive and often brilliant. Behind them, Eddie Giacomin has overcome a shaky start and regained his best form in the goal. "The sign of a great goalie is whether he can make the big save," Francis said. "On that basis, Eddie is tops."

Francis himself undoubtedly rates that title as far as the Madison Square Garden management is concerned. When he was made general manager four years ago, Francis was faced with the challenge of rebuilding a pitiful organization and producing a winner in time for the opening of the new Garden. The Garden opened in the middle of the present streak; the timing was perfect even if the arena is not. In fact, even the most fastidious spectator may forgive the Garden for his obstructed view as long as the Rangers keep winning. Willie Laughlin, a season-ticket holder and avid fan, rationalizes the situation: "If I lean forward in my seat and act very nice to the usher so he'll keep his head from blocking my view of the goal, I figure I can manage to miss only 20% of the section in any game. And I've resigned myself to it, because you have to figure that 80% of the kind of hockey the Rangers are playing now is a lot better than 100% of the kind we used to get." AND



# HIS WORKMAN'S COMPENSATION

*Joe Frazier believes in giving full measure for what he gets. There were no frills in his performance, but when the bout was over Buster Mathis was flat on his back and Frazier was a champion of sorts*

by MARK KRAM

The prizefight is a simple proposition of just two men, who are seldom simple, alone in the ring. All fight managers know this, even those who pretend to mysterious, unshakable theories known only to them—and to the last manager from whom the theories were stolen. The nonsense never moves the fighter; he knows the proposition. He carries into the ring only a dream, a heart and a style, and if all of this is real enough he produces a piece of work just as moving as a Goya or the sound of Coleman Hawkins.

Joe Frazier, the new heavyweight champion of Penn Station, is no Goya or Coleman Hawkins, but one is drawn to what he does in a ring. Madison Square Garden, now located at the station, created his tale—no better than a Woolworth trinket—but Frazier's performance against Buster Mathis last week produced dignity and meaning where only cheap opportunism had existed before in the glacial atmosphere of the new Garden.

Each fighter must make his fight his own way. There are the dandies and the maulers, the meticulous craftsmen and the thrilling improvisers, but Joe Frazier is none of these. He is an honest workman, and if he is ever remembered at all it will be because he is such a fighter. He comes to work, and he gives the last measure of himself, how-

ever unaesthetic the workmanship may be. One can count on Frazier. He does not belong to the times.

"I earn what I win," says Frazier. "I punch and get punched; he lays it on me and I lay it on him. That's what fightin' is all about. The people, they pay I pay."

Few today, whether doctor or lawyer, chef or shoemaker, can say the same, but Frazier can. He is not a special fighter, but no one has ever been more of a professional. He was neither a Nureyev nor a chilling executioner against Mathis. He was just beautifully unpleasable. Frazier's persistence, similar to that of a man hanging onto a massive marlin, eventually ravaged Mathis' questionable will, his thin confidence and, finally, his enormous body.

The body, 244 pounds, fell in the 11th round, but it came apart much earlier. Mathis, despite his indecisive punching—often he only slapped—and his staggering dumbness, carried an edge into the sixth round. Then Frazier turned the fight completely around. He was cutting the ring down on Mathis now, and it seemed Mathis was fighting out of a glove compartment. Frazier had been hammering away to the kidneys from the start, and now the tree-trunk arms began to drop.

Mathis' head was in a precarious position, and Frazier started to gamble for the big punch. He had taken a couple of good shots early in the fight, and he was convinced that Mathis could not hurt him. Defying orders from his corner, Frazier exposed his head more; he kept rushing down into the barrel of

the gun. He dared Mathis to whack him, but the weary ballroom dancer (he'd be a darling at Roseland) could not unload. The fearful pounding at his body had taken his strength, destroyed his will.

A right hand sent him on his way out, and then a left hook, the trademark of all Philadelphia fighters, caught Mathis near the temple. He seemed to react as if jolted with electricity, hanging in the air for a long moment, then toppling over like the towering mast of an old frigate. He lay across a bottom strand of rope, his flaccid belly heaving, his mouth gasping for breath, his future as much in question as his strategy had been.

No one will ever understand the fight that Mathis made. True, he had never been in with opponents who were really anything more than YMCA amateurs, but he has definite skills. Why did he refuse to jab, move in, set up and punch? Frazier can be hit, but you have to tag him as he is moving in. Why did Mathis ludicrously insist on laying inside with Frazier? He was in there by design at first, but it was a mistake. One should never fight Joe Frazier inside. He is a dogged infantryman.

"It will take one hell of a man to beat Frazier," says Yancey Durham, his manager and trainer.

Durham, with his whiskey voice, measured each word in that line carefully. He is a man under constant pressure, and he seldom says anything that can be used against him later. The pressure, most of it real, some of it imagined, is there because of where he is from and who is behind him. He has brought Fra-

continued

*Supine and all but out, Buster Mathis layed over bottom rope after a right-left combination by Joe Frazier. Mathis rose but was merely called out as Frazier celebrated his victory*

zier along from the beginning with care and craftiness, but the town and the "white power" structure (the Cloverly syndicate) that has Frazier's contract watch his moves.

Philadelphia has always been suspicious of those who represent it in sports. Its cynicism, for the most part, is justified. It has suffered Joe Kuharch and the Eagles far too long, it has been bored frequently by the Phillies and disappointed by a hundred fighters who came within a punch—and one too many nightcaps—of being champions. "It ain't easy to be out in front with a black Philadelphia fighter," says Sam Solomon, trainer of Ernie Terrell. "Everyone's watchin', waitin' for somethin' bad to happen. The black man always had the fighters here, but he always lost 'em. Durham is the first to go all the way."

Durham and Frazier are just one fight away from the top now. Frazier most likely will be matched with the winner of the Jerry Quarry-Jimmy Ellis fight—the World Boxing Association version of the championship—sometime in late autumn. Frazier is eager to meet Quarry. "I want him," says Frazier. "He's got a big mouth." Quarry may have a big mouth, but he also has the proper equipment to take Frazier. He is the deadliest and most instinctive counter-puncher in boxing today, and you can't knock him down with a baseball bat. He does have a stamina problem, though, and it is quite possible that if he could not bag Frazier inside of six rounds he would be beaten. Ellis, on the other hand, is a brilliant long-range puncher. Unquestionably, he is a threat to Frazier.

No matter who the opponent is, the fight will be tremendously rewarding for the promoter and undoubtedly the Garden will make a serious effort to lay its hands on the bout. It is swaggering now after its showing last week. A crowd of 18,096 paid \$638,503 to see the doubleheader, and it was no accident that a man was selling binoculars in the aisle next to the \$100 section. Of course, this was typical of the Garden, an organization whose attendants have long been among the rudest ever to block an aisle.

Despite Frazier's performance and the size of the crowd, the program seemed to lack that special electric quality of a fight night, and the 500 pickets, led by the ubiquitous Professor Harry Edwards, matched the mood of the evening. The

picketing, without spirit and quite senseless, was being done in protest against New York's lifting of Muhammad Ali's title. "A petition," said Professor Edwards, the man in charge of sporting boycotts, "was submitted to Brother Frazier and Brother Mathis proclaiming Brother Ali to be the true champion. Both ac-

cepted the petition amiably and agreed. We are not here to embarrass Brother Frazier or Brother Mathis."

Neither brother seemed excessively embarrassed, but Emale Griffith should have been. If he and Nino Benvenuti ever fight for the middleweight title again, *everybody* should picket the Gar-



After fight, Frazier cheerfully reigns over New York, Massachusetts, Maine and Winoski.

den. The two have now met three times, the last two fights have been more than enough to gag a goat. Griffith, once an exciting fighter, has bored too many crowds for too long now. He is strong, a sharp puncher, but somewhere along the way—perhaps beginning with the night he killed Benny Paret—he lost his skills. His main problem, it seems, is more mental than physical. Often he goes into a trance and then he wanders somnambulantly around the ring. He did scarcely more than that against Benvenuti, who has to be credited with a clever performance.

Benvenuti's talents may be limited, but they were all he needed to regain his title. He broke out quickly in the fight, sticking to one pattern—jab, jab, hook, another jab and then a right hand. Then from the fourth round through the seventh, Benvenuti's legs seemed lifeless; he did not look as though he could last two more rounds. He rallied in the ninth, however, sending Griffith to the floor with a mediocre left hook, and he fought well through the 12th round. Then his legs began to weaken once more, and he was suddenly in trouble. Griffith, frantically charging and butting (he should have had a glove laced around his head), came on to win the final three rounds.

All three officials had the fight close, but there did not seem to be any question that Benvenuti had won. It was, despite his cleverness, a shaky victory. Still, unless he has slipped more than was visible during the fight, Benvenuti should retain his title for a respectable period. As for Griffith, who has been an 19 championship fights and held two division titles, his future is nebulous, and one guesses that his interest in boxing has dimmed; the foppish Virgin Islander never really wanted to be a fighter from the start. A generous, childlike man, Griffith has made close to a million dollars with his fists, but his personal extravagance and generosity to 14 relatives (at last count) has eroded his earnings. Who will pay him the price he commands or even continue to book a man who brings his body into the ring, but leaves his spirit behind in some dark, private world?

Buster Mathis' fate is equally uncertain. The tendency is to dismiss Mathis, who is often rapped for his lack of ring character, but he has ability; how much will be revealed in his next fights. Sym-

pathy for Mathis is difficult (he received \$75,000 for a fight he never deserved), but as one watched him lying on the canvas there was an enveloping sadness. "It is too bad," said Cus D'Amato, the manager who once tutored Mathis. D'Amato, boxing's mad scientist who was fired by Mathis' owners, was watching the fight through binoculars, because he was far away and because he enjoys reading lips in the ring, a talent he developed while working with deaf-and-dumb fighters. One wondered if D'Amato's sadness was genuine or whether he was just camouflaging his bitterness.

Like the Boy Scouts who own Mathis, D'Amato did his share in helping to put the huge fighter on the floor. Never having cared much for Mathis as a person, he kept him in leg irons for a long time. Mathis had many problems—fear in the ring, obesity, constant anguish over his appearance—but D'Amato chose to be derisive in his confrontation with them. And although it was obvious that Mathis was not ready for Frazier, Jimmy Iselin and his partners moved him out anyway. Were they desperate to recover the \$150,000 invested, or did they just want to prove to D'Amato and boxing their genius as managers? The Frazier fight only corroborated their amateurishness.

For one thing, the fight plan for Mathis revealed gaping flaws in judgment. The plan was riveted to the assumption that Mathis could run for 15 rounds. Not even the superbly conditioned Ali, the best trackman in the history of the heavyweights, would consider such folly; certainly Mathis, because of his size and inexperience, should never have. Mathis is no Ali as an orchestrator of his talents, but he did have two good weapons. He had a jab to ease the constant pressure from Frazier, and he had a right uppercut to effectively counter Frazier's crouches. Mathis simply forgot about the jab, and he only used the uppercut sparingly.

The architect of Mathis' ring plan was Joe Fariello, a former student of D'Amato, and he, too, must share the responsibility for his fighter's failure. The trainer is a curious figure in boxing. Some trainers are teachers, others are excellent conditioners and many more are just good con men. The master trainer, practically extinct today, combines all three of these qualities. No man in a camp is

closer to the fighter than the trainer. He listens to the fighter's sadness, laughs at his bad jokes, absorbs his flares of temper and always watches to see that the fighter's ego remains balanced.

Fariello's record as a trainer is suspect. He handled José Torres for his second fight with Dick Tiger; Torres, jabs and listless, lost. He had a bad experience with Joe Shaw when Shaw was once blatantly fouled and then received no protection from his corner. Mathis obviously liked Fariello personally, but it was just as apparent he had little regard for him professionally. Perhaps with good reason. No trainer eats a loaf of bread in front of a fighter in training, especially one like Mathis who dreams of food constantly. No trainer calls a fighter dumb, particularly a Mathis whose ego is always tottering.

The trainer did his best to bail himself out after the fight. Mathis, he said, "had a false sense of security" after 23 fights with compliant opponents.

The fighter, as always, is the only victim. Mathis is now a perfect advertisement for Black Power advocates. He gets whipped and suddenly he is alone, indeed publicly disgraced by the people he needs desperately. "We're taking Buster's name off the gym, and we're taking his pictures off the wall," says Iselin, who longed to be out in front, to be the manager of record, the spokesman and guide for the future heavyweight champion of the world. But Iselin never even earned his cut. The cardinal rule of the manager is "protect the fighter." This is one of the ways the manager earns his cut. To expose Mathis to ridicule is not only juvenile and unprofessional, it is bad business; Iselin's reaction to defeat only succeeds in depressing the market price for Buster Mathis.

Perhaps Iselin was just despondent over the fact that he is now stuck with all the items (lighters, pens, etc.) he employed to merchandise the name of Big Buster. "Why doesn't he sell them to the people buying up all the Romney buttons?" someone suggested. One thing is certain: Mathis does not want to be near anything with his name on it. He is emotionally stunned by his loss to Frazier. He walks the lonely woods near his camp in upstate New York and then returns to his room. He sits there for long hours, silently thrashing about in a hell that he alone did not make. **END**

# AN ANSWER TO THE BRADLEY RIDDLE

Months after his heralded debut in pro basketball Bill Bradley often plays poorly—when he is not on the bench. Where is the superb performer of just two years ago? **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

The question no longer concerns what Bill Bradley (*see cover*) will be doing at 40, Governor of Missouri? Secretary of State? Maybe even president of the World Bank? Always capricious, such notions fade before sterner problems of the present. Will Bill Bradley make the team—the New York Knickerbocker team, that is? Will he make it in the manner that customarily has been his and that will satisfy the critics at their typewriters in the first row and the experts with their point spreads in the 35th row? Why he has not done so as yet is, indisputably, the major topic of discussion around the National Basketball Association and, possibly, the most furiously debated question in New York since the city's heretofore unbeaten poser of who strikes next was answered by the garbage men.

The other distinguishing aspects of the season are neglected: Dave Bing's scoring, Nate Thurmond's knee, Rick Barry's lawsuits are all secondary to the subject of Bradley and his problems. So St. Louis is doing all that winning with errors. Earl Monroe is not really a Pearl but an O. San Diego is sinking so far out of the league that it may have to send the club mail to Tijuana. So what? *What is wrong with Bill Bradley?*

The question has an unfortunate tone, a certain "when did you stop beating

your wife?" ring, and in some respects it is unfair. But despite the presuppositions it reflects and some ample evidence that it might become irrelevant, the question remains. Ten weeks after his extravagant introduction to the harsh reality of pro basketball, Bill Bradley has come to this.

It is Tuesday night, doubleheader night, in New York, and the kids from Hempstead and Huntington, from Brooklyn and the Bronx and from Jersey and Connecticut, too, have come to join the trucker, the tailor and the show-business ticket-taker in the new Madison Square Garden. The silken foves with eyelashes out to here are down in front, and the cashmere-all-over fat guys with Rei-Tan longs hanging off their lips are there also, and all of them have swelled the gate to 19,500, the largest NBA crowd in history.

For the Knack game: Walt Frazier is down with a virus, so Howard Komives is introduced at guard opposite Dick Barnett, and he is booed (Howard Komives is always booed in New York) as Bill Bradley sits on the bench. Without Frazier or Bradley or the other Young Turk, Cazzie Russell, the Knicks play a shoddy first quarter—uninspired and lacking a guide—and they cannot break away from a San Francisco team decimated by injury.

But, with the score tied, Bradley enters the game in the second quarter, and the loudest roar of the night goes up. He gets the ball and is open immediately but, as the crowd urges him to shoot, he gives and goes. The next time Bradley dribbles behind two screens but misses the rim with his shot and, visibly shaken, comes downcourt seconds later and throws the ball away.

A minute afterward the Warriors' Jimmy Kang goes right by him, following a fake, and sets up an easy score. Now the crowd groans as Bradley drives to the right side and, instead of continuing, passes off. Again the groan as his backward layup off a rebound is blocked. All alone the next time on offense, he shoots and misses once more, and now the crowd is silent.

Shortly, Bradley snaps out of his doldrums with a beautiful blind-side pass to Russell for a basket. Bradley makes two jump shots from 20 feet and feeds Russell again for a fast break (a "knee pass," the scorer calls it). Now he is hot and, becoming more aggressive and imaginative, Bradley makes eight straight New York points just before the half as the Knicks surge to the front.

It is just one quarter, but the scene is a model of the larger drama in which Bill Bradley has become involved since early December. He has mingled periods of indifferent, sometimes incompetent, play with flashes of brilliance. So far the pattern has eluded prediction, but perhaps the anticipation of a pattern was the very injustice the man did not deserve. Perhaps it was inconsistency that should have been accepted as the fate of any rookie in pro basketball. And yet, because it was all too obvious that Bill Bradley was not just another rookie, immediate, uninterrupted success was the firm expectation, and inconsistency was to be considered a form of failure. Bradley has been forced to learn and grow into the game in an atmosphere of fantasy, deprived even of the ghost of a chance of attaining the goals desired for him this season.

After being away from strenuous conditioning and difficult competition for more than two years while he studied at Oxford, Bradley joined the Knickerbock-





ers three hours out of his Air Force uniform on December 9. He played in 10 games through the Christmas holidays. The most notable was his second, in which he scored 23 points against St. Louis but blew the game when he took an inexcusable shot with 15 seconds left and the Knicks ahead by two points. Then he was struck by a car driven by the now-famous Girl in the MG on a rainy New York street corner on December 28. He suffered cuts and bruises on his left wrist, left ankle and right hip and would have been hurt more seriously if he had not been able to leap over the fender of the sports car just before impact. By the time Bradley returned to action he had missed six games, and the Knicks had replaced Head Coach Dick McGuire with their chief scout, Red Holzman.

After the accident Bradley played sparingly at first, but had a couple of good scoring games. Then he went into decline, a string of eight games in which he played very poorly and lost much of whatever confidence he had been gaining. The period included two low points: his professional debut in his home-town area of St. Louis, where he scored just two points, and five nights later in Cincinnati, a game in which he did not play at all.

Since that time he has enjoyed increasingly more playing time and has had varying degrees of success in a New York drive that has landed the Knicks in third place, with a playoff spot virtually assured them for the first time in nine years. Several factors, however, have combined to make Bradley's performance to date unsatisfactory to a public and press intolerant of mortal deficiencies.

There is no question that Bradley was rushed along too quickly by McGuire, who was under the immense strain of a losing streak and severe pressure to play his new arrival for a good part of every game. Under McGuire, Bradley averaged 29 minutes of playing time; Holzman has used him an average of 16 minutes.

Despite his long absence from the game and unfamiliarity with the caliber of opponent he has had to face so quick-

ly, Bradley, from the beginning, has done two things very well: shoot and pass. Left alone with an open shot, he is the best shooter from any angle on the New York team, though several of the Knicks are better in heavy traffic. Only Frazier approaches him in passing skill and ability to hit the open man. There are also two very weak aspects of Bradley's game. One is moving without the ball, which is understandable because he has not had to do that since college (and, even then, not to the extent that he must learn to do it now). The second includes all the phases of defense Bradley all too often gets "lighted up" by small, quick guards who take advantage of his inexperience. His mastery of the other elements of the game falls somewhere in between his shooting and passing highs and his defensive lows. Rebounding, ball-handling control, speed, strength and jumping are all relative to the quality of the competition. However, in that area of performance that does not lend itself to tallying by point or percentage yet is crucial to team success—intelligent leadership and direction—Bradley is superb. He may never be able to control a game offensively as does Oscar Robertson, or defensively in the manner of Bill Russell, but in time he will control his team in a way that will make New York a vital force for years to come.

One of the toughest obstacles that Bradley has had to contend with is, of course, his size. At 6' 5" he is an in-between player—too big for the backcourt and too small for the corner. This would be cause enough for an alibi so far as scoring heroics go. The men who have made the biggest splashes as NBA rookies—Wilt Chamberlain, Bill Russell, Rick Barry, Dave Bing and, this year, Earl Monroe—were all playing their natural positions on teams whose members were willing to subjugate their own talents to the skills of the new star. Only two in-betweens in the history of the NBA have scored heavily in their rookie years, Oscar Robertson and Elgin Baylor. Undoubtedly they are, by any standards, the best at their positions that the game has ever known. Robertson is a guard and Baylor a forward,

continued



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**BRADLEY** continued

and both men had the good fortune to come into the league with weak teams that had finished last the previous year and lacked the big scorer at their particular position.

Bradley, on the other hand, has come onto a New York team so loaded with scoring talent everywhere that hesitant, uncertain deployment of the overkill probably cost McGuire his job. The Knicks truly may be the only team in the league that will be helped, rather than hurt, by expansion. Bradley also has played exclusively in the backcourt, where he has had to break into a lineup, and share playing time, with three good veterans and another high-priced rookie, Frazier. This has led some observers to lean on circumstance as a primary factor in his slow development.

"Bradley is with the wrong team to become a superstar," says Detroit's Dave DeBusschere. "There's too much pressure in New York and too much personnel. When they get the heat off him—like they finally got the heat off Cazzie—he'll settle down and be consistent. But the Knicks press too much for a guy like Bradley to be a real force in the backcourt."

Red Auerbach says Bradley may be playing the wrong position. "The Knicks couldn't afford to experiment with him too much because they had to win and make the playoffs, but if I had him I'd want to look at him for a while as a forward," says Auerbach. "I'm sure they've thought about it even though they can't bear the luxury of trying him there."

Fred Schaus, general manager of the Los Angeles Lakers, is another who feels this way. "It is so much more difficult for a guard to break into the NBA than for a forward," says Schaus. "A corner man has the baseline to go to, or the big man can help him out. But more is asked of a guard defensively, there's more area to maneuver in and he can get undressed pretty easily. Plus he's got to run the ball club offensively. It may be that Bradley eventually will be playing the corner a great deal."

In recent years rookies of Bradley's size and ability have been made into what the NBA calls "bastard" forwards. Boston's John Havlicek was the first, though he was no offensive star. He made it big right away on his defense, because the Celtics had the shooters to carry him. Havlicek was followed by, among others, Joe Caldwell, Billy Can-

ningham, the Van Arsdale twins and Cazzie Russell, all of whom can swing between guard and forward but have proved to be more effective in the forecourt, where they can use their quickness and speed to get around bigger but slower defenders. Russell, in fact, was considered something of a bust when he played guard as a rookie last year. This season he has been outstanding as a forward.

But none of these men had big scoring years as rookies. Since Robertson and Baylor, only one 6' 5" in-between type, Lou Hudson of St. Louis, has averaged more than 15 points a game as a rookie. Also, like every other first-year man, Hudson had the benefit of preseason work and the exhibition game schedule, which Bradley never had.

"The exhibition season is more important than people think," says Jerry Lucas, who sat out a year after college before joining the Cincinnati Royals. "During my year off I kept in good shape, and it didn't hurt me that much. But if I had stretched it out to 2½ years, like Bradley, it would have made a big difference. In my first preseason Bob Pettit made a fool out of me every time I made a move. The exhibition games are invaluable in correcting your mistakes."

Oscar Robertson says the biggest problem in his rookie year was learning when to take the shot. "In college you could pass up one good shot and get another good one," he says. "In the pros if you get it, you take it."

Of the criticism that has fallen upon Bradley this season, the point that he doesn't shoot enough is the most bedeviling to him. When he talks about it, however, the occasional nervousness and more frequent indecisiveness he displays on the court take on a clearer meaning. "I don't consciously think about shooting," he says. "I think the whole subject is overdone. Like everything else in the pros, it is a matter of confidence and integrating myself into the team. I think I'm becoming more familiar with when to shoot now, but you never come up the floor thinking, 'Now I'm going to shoot,' or 'Now I'm going to pass.' What I don't do yet is wait. I don't wait long enough to see the play developing and to decide the best way to make it work. Too often I go off my feet too quickly for a shot or a pass. But I have to learn this. It's not a conscious re-

## MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY



### PANEL SHOW.

Did you know that BUSINESS WEEK produces a quiz show in cities throughout the U.S.? It's BW's Visiting Panel of Editors, who put their knowledge on the firing line before businessmen eager for the chance to ask tough, timely, and topical questions.

Since 1956, the Panel has been invited to Chicago, Los Angeles, Boston, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, and nineteen other cities. The last show was staged in San Francisco, where the Panel faced 400 members of the Commonwealth Club of California. More than half-a-dozen appearances will be held in 1968, both here and abroad.

But the favor isn't all one-sided. Sure, the Panel members supply the answers. But BW editors feel that the questions help them learn about the interests and concerns of businessmen in America and the rest of the world. What they're learning on the platform is reflected in the editorial pages of BUSINESS WEEK.

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luciance to shoot. I am not really aware that I ever pass up good shots."

According to Bill van Breda Kolff, who coached Bradley at Princeton and now coaches the Lakers, it is precisely these "thought processes" that are holding Bradley back. "Bill had a preconceived idea when he came to the Knicks. He was going to be their leader, the quarterback, the catalyst, all that garbage. He had the subconscious idea he had to play that way," says Van Breda Kolff. "He's still not shooting like he can. He hasn't been shooting with authority. He thinks because it's the pros he has to get it off quicker. He should stop thinking and just go. Just go and play. I don't know if he's equipped physically to become a superstar. I imagine 17 to 18 points a game and a playmaker would be about right."

That is the consensus of most of the coaches in the league, but Alex Hannum of the Philadelphia 76ers goes further. "Bradley may not be as dramatic as Chamberlain or Robertson, but he is going to be a greater pro than he was a college player," says Hannum. "He's too unselfish to score 30 a game, because he is so dedicated to his team winning. But he will be the stabilizer of a great New York team."

Whether this happens may ultimately depend on how well Bradley can blend his particular qualities with those of Frazier, a player whose development may hold the key to the future for both of them. Frazier is extremely talented in precisely the ways Bradley was expected to excel. Both are big, fast guards, similar in build and in their approach to the game, and their most valuable asset is an ability to lead a team and give it guidance. It seems somehow unfortunate that both have come upon the Knickerbockers at the same time, an irony that possibly could prevent either from reaching the degree of stardom that would certainly be his on most other teams.

Frazier, who has had more time to learn, plays better defense than Bradley and penetrates deeper on offense, and Bill Russell says he would take him over Bradley right now. But, Russell to the contrary, Bradley is the one people come to see. However encumbered by his mid-season mediocre notices, Bradley's presence spurred NBA attendance wherever the Knicks appeared. On his first tour around the NBA, Bradley brought in

what club accountants estimated to be an average of 3,000 to 5,000 extra customers. "People expected him to be God, and he's still a man," says Chamberlain. "But he's a great draw and that helps all of us."

"He's a draw and he's exciting," says Chicago Coach Johnny Kerr. "It's a real treat for those New York fans to watch guys like him and Cazzie. First Bill comes down and makes one, then Cazzie hits a layup on a pass from Bradley. The people tear the Garden apart. What the hell. It's Tom Swift and his partner, Koku."

When things are not going so Tom Swift-swell for Bradley, the slow progress of his learning does tend to get him down. He seems to enjoy his new life in New York, where he maintains an apartment by himself a few blocks from Carnegie Hall, and he reads voraciously and goes to movies often.

"I didn't know how I'd react to the travel at first, but it hasn't bothered me at all," he says. "It's not much of a strain, and I see friends and spend some time with them in most of the cities we go to. I get disappointed the game isn't coming easier at times and disappointed I haven't played better, but it isn't any more difficult than I thought it would be. Sometimes a bad game will get to me to the point where I don't sleep at night, or it interferes with some other things I might be trying to do, like reading or a movie. But that's as it should be. In regard to priorities, basketball is certainly first. I should be thinking about it constantly."

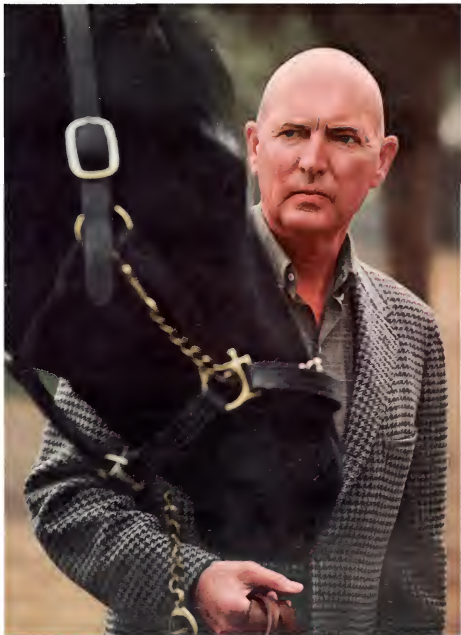
Several opportunities involving travel to distant lands are open to him for the coming summer, but Bradley intends to make basketball training an important part of his off-season activity wherever he is. Despite this and his unquestionably close rapport with his teammates, some cynical observers distrust Bradley's intentions about the immediate future. They still feel certain that pro basketball is just another brief way station along his path to higher accomplishments and that Bradley will depart in a few years—after he has made his fortune and achieved his fame—leaving the game behind crying for him once again. If so, so be it. It is surely enough that Bill Bradley has come back to give professional basketball his personal blend of zest, sparkle, grace and class, if only for a little while. END

# THE MASTERS OF SHED ROW



Often he stands awkwardly in the winner's circle as his owner accepts the trophies. At other times he is back in the barn as his jockey is surrounded by press and pageantry. Mostly his job is one of frustration rather than reward. Yet there would be no triumphant meeting of horse, owner and rider were it not for the efforts of the Thoroughbred racehorse trainer. His office is the stable area of any track; his day runs predawn to postdusk. From a dusty stall emitting the aromas of hay, oats, medication and manure, he directs the daily activity of the stables with only one future day in mind—race day, when he must wait, like any other fan, for the evaluation of his judgments at the finish line. The men on the following pages are among the most prominent trainers in the U.S. Photographed by Jerry Cooke in their natural surroundings, they appear happy and contented. And well they should—for most of them, horses are both their vocation and their avocation, their love and their life.

**R**acing's answer to Yul Brynner, Californian Charles Whittingham is a patient man whose perseverance and skill have produced such major stakes winners as Parthous, Mister Gus and Pretense. A trainer for 35 of his 54 years, Whittingham's big horses this season are Australian champion Tobin Bronze and Tumble Wind.





**S**krawd Buddy Jacobson (above), a leader in races won in New York for several seasons, has gained his success mostly through wheeling and dealing among the cheaper claiming stock which makes up the majority of U.S. programs. A nephew of Hirsch Jacobs, he usually has about 50 horses in his public stable.

**J**enny Langdon may prove to be an exception to the maxim that good jockeys do not make good trainers. Now 61 and in his second year on the job, he rode a world's record 4,032 winners in 32,406 races over 40 years and still exercises many of his own horses, as he did when assisting his trainer sons Vance and Eric.





**I**vy Leagueer Elliott Burch, who forsook a career in racing journalism after Yale to succeed his famous father Preston, was the 1958 Widener with Oligarchy—the first time he saddled a horse in a \$100,000 race. Burch also trained Sward Dancer and upset Damascus with Paul Mellon's Fort Marcy in the 1967 Laurel International.



**A** hard-riding weekend polo player when he isn't working 18 hours a day for Jack Dreyfus' Habau Farm, Allen Jerkens has a remarkable ability to evaluate a horse's speed potential. He beat Kebo three times with front-running, race-stealing Beau Purple, used the same tactics to upset Buckpasser with Handsome Boy.

**W**ith more victories (3,556) than any other trainer in racing history, Hirsch Jacobs Ingell has ample justification for his belief in running fit horses often instead of just training them. His claim of Symia for \$1,500—the horse won \$918,485—is the sport's classic.







**A** quiet horseman of the old school, Bert Malholloed (left) has long been head trainer for racing patriarch George D. Widener. One of many satisfying achievements for him was Crewe's upset of Chateaugay and Candy Spots in Saratoga's 1963 Travers.

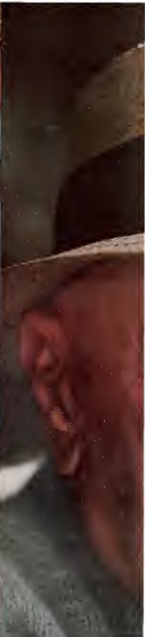


**J**ohn Gover taught prep school in Baltimore before he became trainer for Greenlee Stable in 1930. An expert on raising camellias as well as horses, Gover had his most gratifying success when Tom Fool won all 10 of his 4-year-old handicap starts in 1953.

**J**ohnny Nensel, a collector of colorful caps, loves to talk about his horses, particularly if the talk concerns Dr. Fager (left) or Gallant Fox, with whom he was the Belmont in 1957. Nensel is a valuable partner of Florida breeding, a partner in Ocala's Tanton Farms.

**W**hy Eddie Neloy parlayed a spectacular job with a bargain horse, Gun Bow, into an even better job, training for three generations of the Phipps family. Winner of more than \$4 million in purses over the past two years (much of it thanks to Buckpasser), Neloy hopes to capture his first Kentucky Derby this season with Vitrolis.

**D**eborah Horatio Luro abandoned the playboy-caballero life in Argentina to become a trainer renowned for ability to select young colts with potential and develop them carefully. That knack paid off with Derby winners Decidedly and Northern Dancer, may bring Luro a third champion: Go Forbush, son of Princequillo.





**A** "country boy" from Centerville, Md., 53-year-old Frank Whiteley labored prefers the company of horses to people. When the taciturn Whiteley does talk, he makes this kind of sense: "Keep a horse eating good to make him big and strong. You can't do much with a weak horse." He trained Tom Rolfe and Damascus.

**A** fixture on U.S. racetracks for more than half a century, 57-year-old Max Hesch, trainer for Robert Kleberg's King Ranch, was the Triple Crown with Assault in 1946. Max twice won the Kentucky Derby with apprentice jockeys, the first with Ira Hanford on Bold Venture in 1926, another with Bill Boland riding Middleground in 1950.



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**Hathaway.**  
THE HATHAWAY GROUP

"Ten years ago," the London *Daily Express* muses, "any suggestion that the 'In' dog of 1968 would be the Old English Sheepdog would have been faintly comic. Nevertheless, it has happened. Pop star Paul McCartney has one. So does politician Bobby Kennedy." Well, of course. Men are said to choose dogs that resemble themselves. In view of male hair styles, what did the *Express* expect? That Paul McCartney and Bobby Kennedy would elect the Mexican Hairless?

Maine's Kenneth Curtis, at 37 the nation's youngest governor, recently held a summit meeting at the Summit Restaurant on the summit of Maine's Sugarloaf Mountain. The Democratic governor and his all-GOP council grappled with such questions as the state authorization of the State Bureau of Public Improvements' contracting with a Lewiston firm for \$74,977 to build "a structure next to the state of-

fice building to house equipment for a modernized state office phone system," after which the governor went skiing. He hasn't skied for 14 years and describes himself as "a horrible skier," but it still had to have been more fun than that meeting.

The Dutch royal family is on its annual skiing holiday at Lech am Aelberg in Austria, and there are quite a lot of them—the group comprises Prince Bernhard, Queen Juliana, Crown Princess Beatrix with husband Claus von Amsberg and baby Willem-Alexander (below), plus Princess Christina, Princess Margriet and husband Peter van Vollenhoven and Princess Irene with her husband, Prince Carlos Hugo of Borbón-Parma. A formidable assemblage, but, no matter how much royal strength can be brought to bear, some problems remain intractable. On the occasion of baby Willem-Alexander's first publicly photographed outing, the royal fam-



ily cooed and cooed. "Willempe," the Queen cooed, "please smile into the camera." Willempe didn't. Prince Bernhard got down in the snow on one royal knee. "Hello old man! Smile!" Willempe didn't. Well, that's the way it goes. King Canute had his troubles, too, with that ocean.

For years it was not so much the heart that leaped as the blood pressure when one encountered news of a Mosley in the public press—those were the days when Sir Oswald was busy as the head of the British Union of Fascists. Recent Mosley news, however, is of Sir Oswald's youngest son Max (above), who has announced that he plans to tackle the real European racing circuit this spring, beginning at Barcelona, Spain on March 31 or at Hockenheim, Germany on April 7. A London barrister, Mosley, at 27, has had only two seasons of club racing and observes, "I'll be at the start end for a while, but it will be much more interesting . . . You learn so much by competing with the very best."

Harold Hays, a linebucker for the Dallas Cowboys, is a fishing-tackle salesman in the off season. He admits that his football

background opens a number of selling doors but, he says, "I don't get to talk about my products as much as I would like. Everybody just wants to know if it really was cold in Green Bay."

Vice-President Hubert Humphrey, that dauntless fan of the Minnesota Twins, has naturally been hanging around Orlando where the Twins are in training. Asked by a high school band member if he would autograph the bass drum, Humphrey complied but declined to sign on the spot indicated. "That's where you beat the drum, and Vice-Presidents get hit enough already," Humphrey said. "I'll just sign down here with Jim Kaat."

Chamonix, in the French Alps, may mean mountain climbing, skiing and sight-seeing to hundreds of thousands of people, but there are 7,000 Chamonixards to whom it is simply their town, with all the usual local administrative problems. Last week the 23 members of the town council of Chamonix elected the perfect mayor to take care of them—the Conqueror of Annapurna, Maurice Herzog, an administrator and tourist attraction all in one.



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## Another log on a smouldering fire

**Friction between the touring pros  
and the PGA flares over new  
clauses in tournament entry forms**



CHAIRMAN DICKINSON HAD A BUSY WEEK

As the strolling players of professional golf assembled in Miami last week for the five-week march up Florida and the Carolinas to the Masters, everything was falling right into place. The usual morning glories of the opening weeks of the tour—interlopers like Bill Casper and Arnold Palmer, who stole a couple of victories before the rest of the chaps were even warmed up—had returned to obscurity. Now the big names of golf were asserting themselves, people like Tom Weiskopf, Charlie Coody, Fred Martz, Bert Greene and Jack Montgomery. In fact, Palmer and Casper didn't even show up for last week's Doral Open, no doubt saving themselves for the Canyon Classic and the Kemper Open when the new powerhouses of golf would be relaxing on their yachts.

With the 1968 tour in its eighth week, the leading money winner with \$43,662.50 was George Knudson, who had waited off with consecutive victories in the tour's two preceding events at Tucson and Phoenix. George Knudson? Right, George Knudson. Anybody in Canada can tell you that George, the man who glides mysteriously around golf courses peering out at the world through a pair of secret-agent eyeshades, is Winnipeg's 145-pound contribution to physical fitness. Prior to this year he listed among his triumphs the 1961 Coral Gables Open, the 1962 Maracaibo Open and the 1964 Fresno Open, to say nothing of having finished 29th on last year's money list. When Knudson was asked upon his arrival in Miami if he ever intended to let someone else have a shot at the winner's check, he scratched his chin and grinned. His greed finally subsided at Doral, where he shot opening rounds of 76-71 to miss the cut, so he packed his clubs and headed up the Florida coast to wait for this week's Florida Citrus Open at Doral.

That left the contest wide open, so Weiskopf, Coody, Martz and the rest fought it out with Gardner Dickinson, Bert Yancey, Dan Sikes and a few others who are left over from the past. By Sunday evening, there was Dickinson standing on the 18th green with the \$20,000 winner's check in his hand, putting him up among such other leading money winners as Kermit Zarley, George Archer and Frank Boynton. Don't write off Jack Nicklaus, though. He felt he was hitting the ball well at Doral, and he finished in a tie for 16th place, win-

ning \$1,450 and leaving him only \$181,098.08 short of his record winnings of last year. That is the way the tour has been going this year.

The fact that Dickinson was able to keep his mind on his golf at all last week was remarkable. This year it is Dickinson's turn to chair the four-man tournament committee, the players who are elected to wrestle with the week-to-week vicissitudes of the tour when they are not hitting delicate wedge shots to the green. So it fell to Gardner to direct and lead the players' latest battle with the parent PGA executive committee, an annual Juggs-and-Magpie act in which they call each other names and accuse one another of all kinds of malicious skulduggery. At 5'10" and only 130, there is barely enough of the 40-year-old Dickinson to spread himself that thin.

The most recent spat broke out when the PGA submitted a new entry form scheduled to go into effect this week at Orlando. Practically before the ink was dry, both Palmer and Nicklaus—the meat and potatoes of professional golf, so to speak—let it be known that they had no intention of signing the form. Everyone else of consequence quickly followed suit.

In the past, the entry form for a PGA tournament has been a document about as controversial as a birth certificate. In signing it, the player agreed to pay an entrance fee of \$1 for every \$1,000 of prize money (up to a \$50 maximum). He agreed to abide by all the rules and regulations governing PGA tournaments, not to split his prize money with other contestants and to play in the National Golf Day match if he won either the U.S. Open or the PGA Championship. He also signed over all personal rights to any movie, TV or still pictures of himself that might be used in the promotion of that tournament. Finally, he gave assurance that his mandatory liability insurance was fully paid up. Until now, that had been the extent of it, and nobody ever gave it so much as a second thought.

A week before Doral, the PGA let it be known that the new entry form would be somewhat more inclusive. It specifies that all concessions made by the player apply not just to the tournament in question but to "other tournaments" as well. It requires the player to participate not just in the National Golf Day match

*continued*





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## GOLF *continued*

but also in the "Annual Championship of the PGA," if qualified. He assigns his personal rights to TV, movie and still pictures not only for the current tournament but "any tournament." In a final, brand-new clause, the player agrees "not to compete in any tournament, exhibition or golf event which is in conflict with any PGA cosponsored or approved tournament without the consent of the PGA." This means, in effect, that U.S. pros could not play in the British Open without PGA permission, since the Greater Milwaukee Open is scheduled at the same time.

All this might have gone unnoticed and unchallenged were it not for the thorny attitude that the players and the PGA have assumed toward each other for the last three or four years. In an open letter to the players, PGA President Max Elbin, the very likable head pro at Washington's politically fashionable Burning Tree, made a bravo try at pouring some oil on the newly troubled waters. The new form, he explained, was designed simply to give the PGA legal power to sell the TV rights to future tournaments (a power it technically did not possess in the past), to guarantee the PGA against a boycott of its championship, such as the players threatened in each of the past two years, and to make their tournament sponsors feel a bit more secure.

The players didn't quite see it that way. In their eyes, they were giving the PGA power to virtually dictate the limits of their activities, including such extracurricular matters as those weekly TV shows which often run on winter weekends when PGA tournaments are in progress. As one of them put it, "The PGA wants to become our agent."

All through Doral week, everyone was trying to cling to his cool, at least in public. "I'm sure," said Jack Nicklaus, now serving in his first term as a member of the tournament committee, "that this is just a matter of working things out, and once we sit down with our lawyers we can hit on a solution." The Monday following Doral would test Jack's theory, for it was then that the tournament committee, which includes Doug Ford and Frank Beard, as well as Dickinson and Nicklaus, would first meet with the PGA executive committee at PGA headquarters in Palm Beach and try to sweep their present problems under the rug.

Fortunately for all concerned, both

*continued*



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ROBERT CREASEY

GOLF *continued*

sides are at long last represented by the kind of able legal assistance that could steer them safely through a storm that might otherwise blow the whole organization apart. The players have retained Samuel Gates, a senior partner in the respected New York law firm of Debevoise, Plimpton, Lyons & Gates. The PGA has retained William Rogers of the equally distinguished Washington firm of Arnold & Porter, where Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas was recently a partner.

Inasmuch as the spirit of revolt which ran so strongly among the players last year has considerably subsided, sweet reasonableness will most likely prevail at Palm Beach. Even so, the main bone of contention that sticks in the craw of



PROS HINT PGA'S BOB CREASEY MUST GO

most players will still be there. His name is Robert Creasey, and he is the PGA executive director who was hired three years ago to bring a firm hand, along with some order and efficiency, into an organization whose deliberations often bore a close resemblance to a late-evening symposium at the local bar and grill. Creasey's hand was firm enough, but it was also callous. Warmth and tact are not among his attributes, and he had hardly settled into the chair in his new office before the players were after his scalp. More than a few pros will tell you privately that Creasey's scalp will eventually be the price of peace with the PGA. After all, in a showdown between Jack Nicklaus and Bob Creasey, who would you pick?

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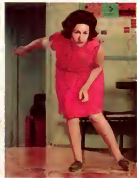
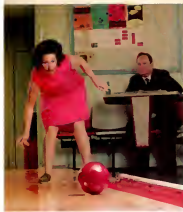


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by B.F. Goodrich

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## Deep down in the lanes with Lady Bird

**They are so well hidden in the labyrinthine cellars of the White House that it takes a First Lady to find them. The President's wife, it develops, is not only a fine bowler, she shines even with fleshbabe popping in her face**

On a day when she is in luck, having an hour or so to herself, Mrs. Lyndon Baines Johnson is likely to make a quick call to the Executive Office Building and, if the mail-room team is not busy bowling White House Secret Service, the President's wife takes off for the White House lanes. The way from the presidential living quarters to the lanes lies through the formal corridors of the White House proper, out the door of the West Wing into the Executive Office Building and finally through the distinctly informal corridors of the EOB basement. It takes a while to get the hang of the route, and, on the evening the photographs at the left were taken, a group consisting of photographers, reporters and her own press corps found themselves, baffled, in the cellar, waiting for instructions from the wife of the President of the United States. "This way," the lady said, and the troops moved forward, spared the interesting fate of having descended into the nether regions of the Executive Office Building, never to be seen again.

In 1955 the two bowling lanes were moved from the White House itself to the EOB, where they now open off a homey little basement room filled with photographs and plaques on which are recorded the fortunes of the White House Bowling League. Cases of empty Coke and Fresca bottles are stacked outside the door. Inside, an elderly blue-and-white Frigidaire bears a notice, "Cold drinks 10¢, candy 5¢," and Mrs. Johnson's locker is here among the lockers of the

various league members: hers is No. 17.

She may not have been entirely comfortable at the prospect of being photographed while she bowled. Any woman would feel qualms at the ghastly possibilities inherent in the undertaking. Mrs. Johnson, however, perhaps drawing strength from the knowledge that she is one of the few women around who can plant trees photogenically, simply laced up her bowling shoes, slipped off her gold bracelet and, with no shilly-shallying, settled down to bowl, allowing herself only the murmur, "Now I suppose this will just be one of the times when I bowl 80."

Mrs. Johnson's usual scores, she reports, "are nothing to be proud of. I'm quite low sometimes and quite high others, but if I get over 120 I'm satisfied. I have occasionally got in the 180s." She confided this late in the afternoon, before she took to the lanes. She had entered a White House second-floor sitting room, whistling and looking trim and energetic, though a bit of the energy was clearly tension. She had worked hard all morning at her desk; met with speakers for a luncheon to be held for the discussion of consumers' problems; had a group of ambassadors' wives to tea and then had tea again, with a girl who had just won a scholarship to Yeshiva University. The scholarship existed because Mrs. Johnson was to have received an award from Yeshiva but requested establishment of the scholarship instead. Offered more tea as she sat and talked of her bowling, Mrs. Johnson allowed she could get by without it.

Mrs. Johnson is not widely known to be a bowler. Indeed, it is not widely known that the White House has bowling lanes. It has had them, though, since 1947, when they were installed as a birth-

day present for Harry Truman. Mr. Truman used them very seldom, and succeeding First Families used them hardly at all. Years earlier, President Roosevelt had swum in his swimming pool, and in the post-Truman years President Eisenhower putted on his putting green, thus assuring those facilities their fair share of fame, but the Eisenhowers and the Kennedys came and went without calling the nation's attention to the bowling lanes. Joseph Taylor, of the White House mail division, secretary of the White House 10-team bowling league, recalls, "I had thought when the Kennedys came in, being physically fit and playing touch football and all, that they would use the lanes, but none of them did." Not even on rainy days, apparently, and it remained for Lady Bird Johnson to give the White House bowling alley First Family attention.

Mrs. Johnson may be the hardest-working First Lady to have lived in the White House. For her, the ultimate in vacations is a few days in the Virgin Islands, never as much as a week. As for a real holiday of perhaps a month away with her husband, she has not had such a trip, says her assistant press secretary, Marcia Maddox, for 30 years. Obviously, she thrives on her regimen—her staff has trouble recalling when she had her last cold—but Mrs. Johnson gets tired. Up-tight tired, in the parlance of the day; tired in a way that taking your shoes off and putting your feet up cannot resolve. Mrs. Johnson has to work out her weariness before she can relax enough to rest.

"I really feel I must have exercise in order to live vigorously and happily," she says. "The more appointments, the more I've had to shift the gears of my mind from a group of ambassadors'

*continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MITZ

**GAMELY CONCENTRATING**, the First Lady—who does not like to desert her chickens until they hatch—sees them hatch here into a perfect strike on the lost White House lanes.

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wives to a 4-H Club to writing letters to family matters, the more I long for release."

She is a great walker but, as the President's wife, even her chances to walk are limited. "Lynda and I did get out in the springtime, whenever the weather was nice," she says, and recalls what sounds like rather a triumph in the circumstances—a walk to the Washington Monument during which they went unrecognized, so much so that "people tried to sign us up for tours, there where the people are all lined up around the Monument." Nevertheless, a real walk is often out for Mrs. Johnson. She swims in the White House pool just before her hair is to be done, but obviously she cannot hop in for a dip 20 minutes before a state dinner. So she became a bowler because the lanes were there, and in a country filled with women who bowl because they have too much spare time she may be the only one who took up the sport because she was too busy.

"I wasn't a bowler as a girl," she says. "As an adult, I did bowl a time or two, but only regularly since I've been here. Lyndon is quite good at it, and he always beats me. It annoys me, because occasionally I do make higher scores. Only never with him."

Later, on the lanes, her ball at first had a tendency to drift to the right, and she set up some nasty splits which she attacked with energy, purpose, small suppressed exclamations and, finally, effect, appealing from time to time to the mail room's Taylor, who was keeping her score, for advice.

"Mr. Taylor, what do you think I ought to do? To the left of the third? No—oh, oh! I couldn't hit my own ankle that time. Oh, berrrrrr. Now let's see. Try to make it go over the second one to the left?" And later, "I got two strikes in a row!"

Proceeding in this way, Lady Bird Johnson finally rolled a 174, a splendid score for a 120 bowler sighting into strange lights, faced by several photographers and worried that a wild delivery was going to leap both the gutter and the lane divider and demolish a camera. Mrs. Johnson seemed pleased, the photographers were pleased, the press secretaries were pleased. Only Taylor of the mail division seemed unhappy. "If she hadn't lost her balance that once," he mourned, "she would have broken 200 for the first time."

END

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## A safety play that brought about disaster

Firing on the contract bridge front began a full week before the opening of the Spring National Championships in New York City this month. Canada's Olympiad bridge team invaded Manhattan for a four-session practice match against the U.S. Olympiad squad and, while the players played hard and the spectators rooted hard, this was one time in an international competition when American Contract Bridge League officials didn't care who won.

The reason, organization of this year's world championship, the Olympiad, is different from other years. Instead of the four zonal champions from Europe, South America, North America and the Far East seeking to dethrone Italy, the defending champs, some 30 nations are expected to take part, and four of these—Mexico and Bermuda as well as Canada and the U.S.—will be representing the ACBL. The chances for the first two are rather remote, but the Canadian showing against the U.S. squad was a cause for jubilation rather than concern. The outcome of the practice sessions was that these two teams played well; each appears to have an excellent chance to bring the Olympiad trophy to this side of the Atlantic for the first time.

The Canadians started off as strongly as they had when they defeated the U.S. in a qualifying round match in the 1964 Olympiad. This time, at the end of 64 deals—the customary length for an Olympiad finals match—the Canadians were 24 international match points ahead. But in this practice match that was only the halfway point. The U.S. team went on a rampage in the next 16 deals, outscoring its rivals by 45 IMPs to take a 21-point lead of its own. Then Canada staged a mild rally, cutting the U.S. lead to 16—a highly inconclusive

margin with 22 deals yet to be played.

In the opinion of many observers this was the deal that finally decided the way the match would go. By coincidence, the North-South pairs for both sides had been on their country's teams in 1964. For Canada, Eric Murray and Sammy Kheila of Toronto; for the U.S., Arthur Robinson and Robert Jordan of Philadelphia. The bidding was the same at both tables.

<i>Neither side vulnerable</i>		NORTH	
North dealer		♠ A 6	
		♥ K 9 6 2	
		♦ K J	
		♣ Q J 10 6 3	
WEST		EAST	
♠ K		♠ K Q 7 5 2	
♥ J 8		♥ Q 7 3	
♦ K 7 6 4 3		♦ Q 5 5 2	
♣ A K 9 5 4		♣ 2	
		SOUTH	
		♠ J 10 9 4 3	
		♥ A 10 5 4	
		♦ A 10	
		♣ K 7	
NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1) (Arbuckle)	(Jewett)	(Murray)	(Roth)
2) (Robinson)	(Elliott)	(Jordan)	(Sheardown)
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
1 N 1	PASS	2 ♥	PASS
2 ♥	PASS	4 ♥	PASS
PASS	PASS		

The opening lead at both tables was a top club. Both West players then shifted to a diamond, with dummy's jack covered by the queen and won by South's ace.

Murray led a heart to dummy's king and on the heart return from dummy, when East played the 7 declarer elected to take a safety play against the possibility that East had begun with four hearts to the queen-jack. His play of the 10 of hearts proved totally unsafe, however, when Roth won with the jack and

returned a low club for Roth to ruff with the heart queen. Roth got out with a diamond, won the setting trick when declarer continued by leading the ace and another spade, and set the stage for a two-trick set by continuing with a third round of diamonds. Usually it is costly for a defender to allow declarer to ruff in one hand and discard in the other, but in this case it wasn't. Murray could not avoid losing another trick.

At the other table Jordan—who makes a specialty of bringing in well-nigh impossible contracts—put Sheardown to the test by leading a second round of clubs immediately after winning the ace of diamonds. It was obvious to Sheardown that his partner could ruff this trick. But it also appeared likely that a ruff by East would be at the expense of a trump trick—else why had declarer not drawn trumps before leading the club? Sheardown went up with the club ace and shifted to his singleton spade, won by dummy's ace. Then came a surprise success for exactly the same play in trumps as had been made at the other table—but with a considerable difference in timing.

First, Jordan led the three good clubs from dummy, tempting East to ruff and thus give up his trump trick. But Elliott was having none of that. Having discarded two spades and his remaining diamond, Jordan next cashed dummy's diamond king, discarding a third spade. Then he cashed the heart king and led a heart to the 10, losing to West's jack. West had to return a diamond, letting dummy discard its losing spade while declarer ruffed Jordan then collected Elliott's queen of hearts and ruffed his remaining spade in dummy to make the contract. The pickup was just 10 IMPs, but it came at a most significant time.

*continued*



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# Bob Smart

Crafted by Craddock-Terry, Lynchburg, Va.

BRIDGE *continued*

Earlier the Canadians had the honor, and the pleasure, of achieving the biggest single swing of the 128 deals when they made game both ways of the table on these cards.

North-South vulnerable		NORTH	
East dealer		♠ J 5	
		♥ J 10 8	
		♦ 10	
		♣ K J 10 5 5 4 2	
WEST		EAST	
♠ 8 7 6		♠ K Q 7 5 2	
♥ A 9		♥ J 9 8 4 5 4 3	
♦ K Q 7		♦ 8	
♣ Q 7 6 5			
		SOUTH	
		♠ A K Q 10 6 3 2	
		♥ 6 4 3	
		♦ A 2	
		♣ A	
EAST (Closed)		SOUTH (Closed)	
PASS		1 ♠	
DOUBLE		1 ♥	
4 N T		DOUBLE	
5 ♠		DOUBLE	
PASS		PASS	
WEST (Closed)		NORTH (Closed)	
PASS		1 N T	
PASS		PASS	
PASS		PASS	
PASS		PASS	

Opening lead: ace of spades

Having passed initially, East's double and his bid of four no trump were clearly based on a distributional hand. After West rescued to five clubs, East's run to five diamonds left partner with a choice between the diamond and heart suits. West preferred diamonds, so he passed.

West's hand produced exactly the cards East needed. No matter what the defenders did, they could not take more than one club and one diamond trick, so East's attempted sacrifice produced an unexpected game.

At the other table Murray and Kehela's Colonial Acol system called for an opening two-spade bid on South's hand. Murray, North, responded three clubs, East interfered with four no trump, showing hearts and diamonds, and Kehela wound up playing five spades after West had bid five diamonds.

The five-spade contract could have been defeated with an opening lead of the ace of hearts. However, West led the king of diamonds and that was the bell game. South won, cashed one high spade and the ace of clubs, then ruffed his remaining diamond. One heart went off on North's king of clubs, and Kehela wound up losing only two heart tricks. The combined plus for Canada was 1,200 points or 15 IMPs. This went for naught, however, for in the end the Americans, with a strong finish, won the match by 67 IMPs.

END

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add it all up you get an extra 680 square inches of plate area in contact with the battery acid.

And that produces a lot of extra power.

This is no ordinary advertising claim. We aren't giving you an inch and calling it a mile.

We are giving you 35% more usable starting power than the best battery of its size made by anyone else

in the business.

Try that out on a balky engine some freezing morning and see what we mean.

If you want to thank something, thank polypropylene. This weird sounding plastic is one of the leading miracle materials in an age of miracle materials. Even with 50% thinner walls, it is far stronger than the old black battery case ever was.

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So we did something else to the new DieHard. To make sure you know you're getting the strongest battery case there is—the polypropylene case—we left it the natural color of polypropylene.

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# Bang! Bang! You're





# Dead

Bonnie and Clyde have given the burgeoning cult of violence a campy stylishness, and a lot of Americans are going out and buying guns—not necessarily for sport. With the long hot summer just ahead, has the right to bear arms become outmoded? This question has brought much rhetoric, but here is a careful study—and specific recommendations

By Martin Kape



In the wake of a few spectacularly horrifying crimes involving the use of firearms there has arisen in the U.S. a clamor for legislation to “control” the ownership of guns. A little more than four years ago a President was slain. Three years later a demented University of Texas student, Charles J. Whitman, slew 14 persons before he himself was shot dead. Rifles were used last summer by snipers in racial riots, and there is grave fear that they may be used again.

A year and a half ago the Gallup poll found that 73% of the public favored a law that would require a person to obtain a police permit before buying a gun, and 83% of those polled said that the use of guns by persons under 18 should either be forbidden or restricted. An omnibus Louis Harris poll reported last September that 55% of the 27 million whites who own guns would “shoot other people in case of a riot.” And there is what appears to be a rising crime rate, though it may be just a rise in the rate of reported crime.

A political solution to this sort of thing would be to utter a campaign-year outcry and pass a law. It appears that the 90th Congress may well do just that. President Johnson has asked several times for firearms control legislation and more than 40 bills to that effect are now before the House and Senate.

Few nations are as permissive as the U.S. about civilian ownership of firearms. In most of the rest of the world it is assumed that weapons are dangerous to have freely about and that, therefore, the people should be severely constrained in their access to them, no matter how much fun hunting and target shooting might be. Now there has emerged legislative and editorial demand for “regulation” of long-arms ownership in America, often in terms that are quite vague as to just what the regulation might be (ownership of pistols is already regulated, to a greater or less degree, by the individual states). As a consequence of the outcry, what was once assumed to be a right in this country seems to some enthusiasts of the sport of weaponry to be in danger of becoming subject to the whims and prejudices of law-enforcement officers and, in one bill, to those of the Secretary of the Treasury.

All this is repugnant to many owners of sporting arms. They believe that in a free America the keeping and bearing of arms is a right guaranteed by the Second Amendment. In countries less influenced by libertarian principles, dictatorships of the right and left are understandably wary of an armed citizenry, since it would represent a threat to management. And even in many democratic countries, especially in Europe, there is little motivation for the average man to own a rifle or shotgun. Hunting there is pretty much restricted to those who possess extensive property on which game can be found or to those who can afford to lease shooting privileges. There is almost no tradition

of arms-bearing in these places, and so there is no great opposition to restrictions on it.

Switzerland is an outstanding exception, for reasons remote from sport. Because of their historical insistence on defending their neutrality in a continent so often embroiled in war, the Swiss people have put into actual practice what is declared in Article II of the American Bill of Rights: “a well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.” The Swiss have made arms-bearing not just a right but a duty. Every Swiss male between the ages of 20 and 50 is required to keep in his home a military weapon—anything from a pistol to a submachine gun, and there are at least 650,000 of these weapons—and ammunition for its use.

Those who believe that guns cause crime would conclude that the streets of Switzerland run *lederhosen* deep in blood. In fact, the use of firearms in Swiss crime has been minimal.

And it is minimal here in the U.S., where between 30 and 50 million homes—depending on whose figures you accept—contain firearms. Such weapons are used in only 3% of what the Federal Bureau of Investigation calls serious crime. There are other figures which indicate that the rate of death from firearms has declined 50% or so in the past two-score years, while our population has doubled.

Last July, Representative John D. Dingell of Michigan published in the *Congressional Record* a report by Alan S. Krug, a Pennsylvania State University economist, who concluded that there “is no statistically significant difference in crime rates between states that have firearms licensing laws and those that do not.” Krug, who subsequently became assistant to the director of the National Shooting Sports Foundation, noted that a report prepared for the Wisconsin State Legislature in 1960 put greater importance on such factors as “geography, homogeneity of population, density of population, median school years completed, and per capita personal income.”

“It is immediately apparent,” Krug wrote, after statistical examination of FBI crime reports, “that in the cases of murder, aggravated assault and serious crime, the states with firearms licensing laws do not have lower crime rates than the non-licensing states.”

Dingell also quoted Romy P. Narloch, a former crime-studies analyst for the California Department of Justice, Bureau of Criminal Statistics. Narloch reported:

“One of the clear conclusions of this research is that the mere availability of weapons lethal enough to produce a human mortality bear no major relationship to the frequency with which this act is completed. In the home, at work, at play, in almost any environmental setting a multitude of objects exist providing means for inflicting illegal death.” In other words, in cases of what might be

considered casual homicide and not the work of professional or habitual criminals, whatever comes to hand—a baseball bat or a butcher knife—will do the job if the neighbors are insufferably noisy or the wife goes beyond the barriers of normal nagging privileges.

Dingell cited the work of R. C. Bensing and O. Schroeder, whose 1960 study of homicide in Cleveland found that "the almost invariable association of a high homicide rate with so many other symptoms of social ill-health and economic need shows almost conclusively the socio-economic basis of homicide." There is a general opinion among criminologists that the availability of firearms has little to do with their use in crimes of passion. Thus, Dr. Marvin E. Wolfgang, professor and graduate chairman of the department of sociology at the University of Pennsylvania, asserts in his book, *Patterns in Criminal Homicide*, that "the hypothesis of a causal relationship between the homicide rate and the proportionate use of firearms should be rejected."

Congressman Dingell even quoted J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, as asserting that "hoodlums and criminal gangs will obtain guns regardless of controls" and that "laws pertaining to owning and carrying firearms . . . bother few, if any, Klansmen, and weapons are illegally carried by them." Nevertheless, Hoover favors more stringent laws, as do many law-enforcement authorities.

**N**ot all, however. In 1963 Robert V. Murray, Washington, D.C. chief of police, told a House of Representatives committee: "If I felt that we could take the guns out of the hands of the criminal with this bill or any other bill, I would be 100% for it. But a criminal who is going to set out to hold up a place or assault somebody with a gun, [a law against] the carrying of a gun is not going to deter him. He is a criminal anyhow, and he cannot lawfully possess a gun. So a law on the books that he cannot have a gun in his possession is not going to deter him."

"It may be argued that any legislation that would reduce the number of pistols in circulation would substantially reduce the number of aggravated assaults. The argument rests upon two mistaken premises. First, it assumes that restrictive legislation will prevent criminals from obtaining guns. The fact is that experience has shown that legislation such as the Sullivan Law [New York's unique requirement that a pistol, so be merely possessed, be licensed by the police] does not reduce the number of pistols in the hands of criminals. Second, the argument assumes that handguns are used in most aggravated assaults,

whereas the fact is that pistols are used in only a small percentage of assaults."

In this connection, Dingell pointed out that in New York City, Sullivan Law and all, "police reported that in 1966 not a single New York City homicide involved a licensed firearm" and that "since 1944 New York City police have taken possession of 28,409 illegally possessed pistols."

In a speech to the House, the Congressman said: "For example, the antigun faction is fond of pointing to the homicide rate in metropolitan Dallas, which has realistic firearms laws, and disclosing that it is higher than the rate in metropolitan New York, which has the severe Sullivan Law. They contend that this is to the credit of the Sullivan Law and that similar gun laws—per se—will stop crime."

"However, if they were to examine the three principal categories of crime in which firearms play a part—murder, aggravated assault and robbery—they would find that New York has a total rate of 244.2 offenses per 100,000 people, compared to 203.1 in Dallas.

"The antigun forces have never informed the public that out of 183 standard metropolitan statistical areas surveyed by the FBI, there are 131 with overall homicide rates lower than New York's. None of these areas has firearms laws as severe as the Sullivan Law. . . .

"If those who wish to link firearms laws with crime compared metropolitan areas of nearly equal size, they would find Dallas with an overall homicide rate of 10.3 per 100,000 people, Milwaukee with a rate of 2.3 and Minneapolis-St. Paul with a rate of 2.1, and all with liberal gun laws.

"Both Alabama, the state with the highest homicide rate, and Vermont, which has the lowest, also have liberal firearms laws. And with 304 cities of varying size from all parts of the country reporting no willful killings of any kind, it would indicate that crime is affected by something other than firearms laws."

Despite such statistical evidence that mere possession of a gun does not inspire the vast majority of sportsmen to homicide, clamor for legislation of some sort is at its loudest since the days when Prohibition mobs were shooting it out for control of territory. And there is good reason for some of the proposed legislation. There is, for instance, the matter of selling guns by mail, a ready source of unconstrained supply for criminals, unsupervised juveniles and kooks.

Some mail-order advertising would seem to be addressed deliberately to the deranged. An advertisement for a tiny derringer pistol points out that the weapon was potent enough to polish off "two of our country's presidents, Abraham Lincoln and William McKinley. Remember," the ad continues, "that no matter how tough or big your opponent is, if you learn how to use a . . . derringer properly you will always be the victor."

continued

Another house, announcing a sale of low-priced firearms, calls the sale a "long hot summer special."

An offer to sell, quite legally, a 20-mm. semi-automatic antitank gun (\$99.50) describes the weapon as "hard hitting! ideal for long-range shots at deer and bear or at cars and trucks and even a tank if you happen to see one."

As matters stand, anyone, whether legally entitled to possess a weapon or not, can get one by mail. All he has to do is lie a little. The coupons used in advertising of mail-order guns require only that the buyer sign some such statement as:

"I certify that I am 18 years or more of age, that I have never been convicted of a crime punishable by imprisonment for a term exceeding one year—that I am not a fugitive from justice; that I am not a mental incompetent, a drug addict or an adjudged drunkard—and that I am not prohibited from legally acquiring a firearm by state or local laws." No sworn affidavit is necessary.

The most persistent advocate of firearms control in the U.S. has been Senator Thomas J. Dodd, who began introducing gun-control legislation as far back as 1963. He and a number of colleagues had been disturbed at the time by the almost total absence of control over the sale of handguns through the mails. In Chicago, members of his staff found 25% of guns from two mail-order houses were going to persons with police records ranging from misdemeanor to felony. Another report showed that 13 mail-order customers had previously been arrested for murder. Quite similar conditions prevailed in Washington, D.C.

So Dodd introduced legislation to control the mail-order sale of handguns—but not rifles or shotguns, which are seldom used in crime. He had the support of the National Rifle Association, long a vigorous and highly successful opponent of what it regards as needless restrictions on the rights of the shooting fraternity. The NRA even helped Dodd draft the law.

Then President Kennedy was assassinated, with a mail-order rifle. The Senator thereupon added control of rifles and shotguns to his bill. Even this was reluctantly approved by the NRA, but only after Dodd had agreed to withdraw a provision requiring authentication of such sales by police, which to the NRA smacked of a step toward registration that could in turn lead to confiscation.

Dodd's latest version would prohibit the mail-order sale of firearms, including shotguns and rifles, to individuals, forbid an individual to travel outside his state of residence to buy a handgun; restrict imports of military weapons and non sporting firearms, including handguns; require that a purchaser of a handgun be 21 but need be only 18 to buy a rifle or shotgun; and put stringent control on "destructive devices" like mortars and bazookas.

While some of the provisions, such as the last one, were quite all right with the NRA, the association objected strenuously to argumentative assertions in the presentation

of the bill to the effect that ease in obtaining firearms "is a significant factor in the prevalence of lawlessness and violent crime in the United States." Dodd and the NRA then parted company.

The bill is now before the full Judiciary Committee of the Senate, which can send it to the floor or kill it. Dodd's subcommittee approved the bill by a squeaky 5-4 vote, and so far there has been no strong indication that the full committee will report it out, even though it has been said President Johnson, in an effort to get action and to meet objections from states with large rural populations, arranged to weaken the bill. Dodd and his committee then added a provision that states could exempt themselves from the ban against mail-order sales of rifles and shotguns to individuals. Representatives of the more rural states had protested that sportsmen, ranchers and farmers who mostly bought their guns by mail would be vastly inconvenienced.

NRA members have had great success in impressing state legislatures with their letter-writing campaigns against antigun laws. Often accused of being a powerful lobby, though it is not so registered, the NRA coolly if unconvincedly denies the charge and, technically, it does not fit the legal definition of a lobby. "We don't lobby," one official explains, "but, thank God, our members do." The organization, which says it is supported by the \$5 annual dues of its members, describes itself as the "foremost guardian of the American tradition and constitutional right of citizens to 'keep and bear arms.'" There are 925,000 NRA members, 100,000 of whom are life members who elect the board of directors. The board, in turn, elects a president, Harold W. Glassen, the current president, is a Michigan lawyer, sportsman and conservationist. The NRA and its magazine, *The American Rifleman*, declare its purposes are "to educate public-spirited citizens in the safe and efficient use of small arms for pleasure and protection; to foster firearms accuracy and safety in law-enforcement agencies, in the armed services and among citizens subject to military duty; and to further the public welfare and national defense." The NRA sponsors shooting clubs and is the governing body of U.S. competitive rifle and pistol shooting. It is a member of the U.S. Olympic Committee. With notable success it has initiated and provided instructors in hunter-safety training courses.


The NRA was founded in 1871, under a charter granted by the State of New York, "to promote rifle practice and for this purpose to provide a suitable range or ranges in the vicinity of New York . . . and to promote the introduction of a system of aiming drill and target firing among the National Guard of New York and the militia of other states." This was at a time when the National Guard was well trained in the manual of arms and could march brilliantly, but, as Colonel William Conant Church observed, could hardly hope to compete with those sloppy shooters, the British Volunteers, in the use of rifles as shooting

*continued*



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50,000 kids made the team last year and won this badge from the President.

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CYNTHIA RIVERS  
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LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

CURTIS ANDREWS  
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LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



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But after four short years.

A lot of loyal whisky drinkers have gone away from their old loyalties. They're drinking imported Canadian Lord Calvert instead.

And a lot of those odds that once were before us now find themselves behind us.

**"The important thing, young fellow,  
is to keep on trying."**





weapons. At 1,000 yards, any Volunteer could put bullet after bullet into a man-size target. The best American marksmen of the day regarded 600 yards as the ultimate practical range. It was also a time when no ammunition was allocated for rifle practice in the U.S. Army, just as today policemen in many cities are required to buy the ammunition they use in revolver practice. The NRA was formed to cure the then military condition of indifference to the use of available weapons, and it has been remarkably successful, despite opposition to its aims—and sometimes to its methods. In time, its interests became more sporting than military, but even when it was concerned almost solely with national defense it came under attack. Governor Alonzo B. Cornell of New York fired the first shot in 1880.

"There will be no war in my time or in the time of my children," he advised General George W. Wingate, NRA vice-president, 18 years before the Spanish-American War. "The only need for a National Guard is to show itself in parades and ceremonies. I see no reason for them to learn to shoot if their only function will be to march a little through the streets. Rifle practice for these men is a waste of money, and I shall not countenance in my presence anything as foolish as a discussion of the rifle shooting at Creedmoor." (The NRA had established its first rifle range at that convenient Long Island location.)

Eighty-seven years later, Senator Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts, urging the abandonment of the National Rifle Matches at Camp Perry—which are supervised by the NRA and regarded by its members as the World Series of their sport—observed that proficiency in the use of the rifle seemed to be of little value in "this nuclear age," an estimate of the situation that must have raised many a quizzical eyebrow among veterans of Korea and among soldiers now fighting in Vietnam without nuclear weapons. Even so, Senator Kennedy and others were successful in persuading the Department of Defense to withdraw its support of the 1968 matches. The NRA, going it alone, will hold them anyhow in August. The matches used to

draw 7,000 competitors, one of whom, a marine, had at last report scored 75 kills in Vietnam with the same type Winchester Model 70 he had used in the matches, all at such extreme range that no enemy soldier could hope to retaliate.

The point, of course, is that moves to "regulate" ownership of rifles or shotguns are in no way related to their worth in modern war, which can scarcely be questioned. Even shotguns have been used in commando operations. Such moves are related to the fact that, from time to time, innocent people are killed by rifles and shotguns.

Laws that have been proposed so far, including Senator Dodd's restrictive bill, would not have prevented either Whitman or Lee Harvey Oswald from getting weapons. Had it been necessary for Whitman to apply to police for permission to acquire his collection of guns, it is all but certain that he, an honorably discharged marine and a good student, would have received it. The police are scarcely qualified to detect latent psychosis.

The NRA, though it accepts mail-order advertising in *The American Rifleman*, does in fact favor legislation that would make it less likely for weapons to fall into the hands of other than the law-abiding. William F. Camp, a director of the association, would make it a requirement that mail orders for handguns be accompanied by a certificate from the buyer's local police, a concession that does not sit well with members who are aware of how difficult New York City police, for example, have made it for the law-abiding to obtain handguns, for sport or protection, under the state's Sullivan Law. (The original intent of the Sullivan Law was to get guns into the pockets of supporters of the Tammany Hall politician for whom it was named, while denying the privilege to henchmen of his opponents. Some of the latter even considered sewing up their pockets, because Sullivan men were not above slipping a pistol into the pocket of a rival and calling the police.) The law, as interpreted and enforced by police nowadays, amounts to all but total prohibition of the possession of handguns.

*continued*



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200 Berkeley Street, Boston

## 'Bang! Bang!' *continues*

The NRA is vigorously opposed to the registration of firearms, however, partly on the ground that it would be a needless nuisance, observed only by the law-abiding in any case, and on the less persuasive ground that it has sometimes worked against the people in countries where registration is required by law. The Nazis, for instance, took advantage of gun registration when they seized Czechoslovakia. Registration told the invaders who owned guns, which were promptly confiscated. The same happened more recently when the military junta took over the Greek government. Could it happen here? Sinclair Lewis used to think so, though in these times the possibility seems too remote to be taken seriously.

Opponents of registration make the point that a registered weapon is quite as deadly as an unregistered one and that registration requirements would be observed only by the law-abiding.

The "right" to bear arms, if that is what it is, is cited constantly by opponents of restrictive gun legislation. Not only the U.S. Constitution but the constitutions of 35 states declare the right of citizens to bear arms. It was supported as a right by John F. Kennedy when he was a Senator and by Hubert H. Humphrey, now Vice-President, in an article written for the magazine *Gun*. In neither case was the issue so bitterly debated as it is now, and it is quite probable that both gentlemen were appealing politically to the mystique of American weaponry that has come down to us from pioneer days—a persistent factor even now when shooting is concerned mainly with hunting for sport, peppering paper targets or such shotgun sports as trap and skeet. Actually, the courts have been rather vague as to whether the right still exists in a day when we do have a militia, the National Guard and police forces as well, and it is no longer necessary to take down the old muzzle-loader to put meat on the table.

So it might be possible for Congress to pass, and later have accepted by the Supreme Court, extremely restrictive, even potentially confiscatory, legislation. That is scarcely likely, however. For

one thing, some 25 members of Congress are members of the NRA. For another, though the mood around Washington now seems to favor some kind of weapons legislation, prevalent opinion is that something more moderate than the Johnson-Dodd proposal probably will get through.

The NRA, despite widespread belief that it is opposed to any and all anti-gun laws, has its own suggested program of legislation. Testifying before Senator Dodd's subcommittee last spring, Executive Vice-President Franklin L. Orth recommended that Congress:

- 1) provide a mandatory penalty for the possession or use of a firearm transported in interstate commerce or foreign commerce and used in the commission of a crime,

- 2) prohibit licensed manufacturers or dealers from shipping any firearm to any person in any state in violation of the laws of that state;

- 3) place "destructive devices" (bombs, grenades, mines, crew-served military ordnance, etc.) under the tax and registration provisions of the National Firearms Act [of 1934].

- 4) require that a person who orders a handgun by mail or over the counter in a state other than his own submit to the seller a sworn statement that he is over 21 years of age, is not prohibited by federal law from receiving a handgun shipped in interstate commerce and his receipt of the firearm is not in violation of any state statute. The affidavit would contain the name and address of the principal local law-enforcement officer of the locality to which the handgun would be shipped, and the seller would have to forward the affidavit by registered or certified mail to that law-enforcement officer and receive from him a reply indicating receipt of this notification. The seller would be required to wait at least seven days after receipt of the notification by the law-enforcement officer before shipment could be made.

Two bills with quite similar provisions have been introduced by Senator Roman L. Hruska of Nebraska, who regards the problem as "a matter of trying to reconcile the lawful and wholesome use of

*continues*

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Because golf is more than a game; it's a great way of life. And it's nice to know you've put into it the greatest clubs ever built.

Tee off a Wilson Staff ball. That's another smart buy. The Wilson Staff ball will go where you hit it with your Staff clubs. They're played by Sam Snead\*, Billy Casper\* and Julius Boros\*. Do you need any more assurance than that?

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## 'Bang! Bang!' *continued*

firearms by 20 to 30 million Americans with the necessity of trying to keep the guns sold in this country out of the hands of the "wrong people." His bill has been supported by the NRA, the National Shooting Sports Foundation and the Sporting Arms Manufacturing Institute, and there has been "general support," Hruska points out, from such major conservation groups as the National Wildlife Federation, the Wildlife Management Institute and the Izaak Walton League.

A principal virtue claimed for one of Hruska's proposals is that it would give the states, which vary greatly in their cultural attitude toward firearms, an opportunity to decide whether the buyer was eligible to possess a handgun—whether he was a minor, had a record of insanity or was a criminal.

It has been proposed also that importation of foreign military rifles be banned, or strictly regulated, largely on the ground that one of them, a \$12.78 Italian weapon of obsolete, inefficient and even dangerous design—dangerous to the user, that is—was employed to kill President Kennedy. There has been no great opposition to this idea, in large part because most such weapons are considered nonexporting, but the fact is that there is nothing in present or proposed laws that would have prevented Lee Harvey Oswald from spending \$100 or so for a new American Winchester, Remington or Savage, or quite a bit less for a used rifle of American make. Nor could any conceivably acceptable law have done so.

Last week the Senate tacked on to its civil rights bill a limited gun-control provision which makes it a federal crime to teach or demonstrate the use or making of firearms, fire bombs or other explosive devices meant for use in civil disorders. This is a start; indeed, the need for legislation is clear—but not for the kind, like Prohibition, that arises out of hysteria. The legislation should be effective and at the same time avoid conflict with America's sporting heritage. The proposals of Senator Hruska and Franklin Orth seem to fit the requirements.

**END**



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# BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

## THE TOURNAMENTS

The preliminaries were over in the NCAA and the winners were off to Raleigh, Lexington, Wichita and Albuquerque for the Regionals (page 26).

Loyola of Chicago's George Ireland acted like a man whistling in a graveyard before his team met Houston in the Midwest playoff in Salt Lake City. He said things like "Our players are all hopped up" and "We'll start pressing them when they leave the dressing room." But Ireland's little men were no match for Elvin Hayes and his big friends. The Cougars easily broke Loyola's press with overhead passes and Hayes made 20 of 28 shots, scored 49 points and grabbed 27 rebounds as Houston won 94-76.

New Mexico State earned the dubious pleasure of meeting UCLA in the West Regionals. But the Aggies had to come from behind to beat Weber State 68-57, also in Salt Lake City. With 10 minutes to go, Weber had a three-point lead. Then Jimmy Collins scored seven straight points and New Mexico State went on to win. "We might get some momentum going in Albuquerque's snake pit," mused Aggie Coach Lou Henson hopefully.

Marquette, breezing along with a nine-point lead early in the second half on the rebounding and scoring of husky George Thompson (he had 33 points), suddenly found itself in a dogfight with Bowling Green in the Midwest eliminations at Kent, Ohio. Two long shots by Jimmy Burke in the last 90 seconds pulled the Warriors through, 72-71. East Tennessee, which had beaten Murray State 79-75 in the Ohio Valley playoff, surprised Florida State 76-69.

In the East, at Kingston, R. I., Boston College figured it had a chance to take unbeaten St. Bonaventure with a furious man-to-man press and a fast break. But 6'11" Bob Lanier and Billy Butler were too much for the Eagles. Between them, they scored 66 points and took down 26 rebounds, and the Bonnies won 102-93.

Columbia, in the tournament for the first time in 17 years, celebrated by whipping La Salle 83-49 in College Park, Md. The well-coached Lions never deviated from their game plan against La Salle's zone defenses. They worked the ball around 37 Dave Newmark on a high post, overplayed one side and hit the free man—either Heyward Dotson, Jim McMillan or Roger Walaszek—on the other side. It was effective and Dotson had his best game ever, scoring 32 points on short jumpers, drives and layups.

Davidson, however, had its hands full with

St. John's. The Redmen, attacking patiently and defending well, led 68-67 with 5:14 to go. Then Rudy Bogard fouled out. Mike Malby, Davidson's good 6'7" sophomore, dropped in two layups, and St. John's fell apart. Davidson stole the ball five times, 6'6" Doug Cook scored six points in the last minute, and the Wildcats won 79-70.

New York's NIT, meanwhile, had a 16-team field ready to go. The tournament opens Thursday night in Madison Square Garden with St. Peter's (22-2) playing Marshall (17-7) and Duke (21-5) meeting Oklahoma City (20-6). Other first-round pairings: Friday night—Temple (19-8) vs. Kansas (19-7) and Villanova (18-8) vs. Wyoming (18-8); Saturday afternoon—Army (20-4) vs. Notre Dame (18-3) and LIU (21-1) vs. Bradley (19-8); Saturday night—Fordham (18-7) vs. Duquesne (18-6) and Dayton (17-9) vs. West Virginia (19-8).

## THE EAST 1. ST. BONAVENTURE (23-0) 2. COLUMBIA (22-4) 3. ARMY (20-4)

An hour before the Ivy League playoff, the neutral St. John's gym was jumping. The Columbia and Princeton bands took turns tooting up a storm, and there was a festive air all around. But once the game began it was Columbia's party. Coach Jack Rohan started Newmark, who had missed four games with a severely sprained ankle, and that did wonders for the Lions. Newmark fought the Tigers' big men on the boards and, more important, used his bulk to set picks for his more agile teammates. With 14 minutes to go, Princeton was out of it. McMillan, faking the Tigers' John Hummer out of his shoes, scored 37 points, Walaszek had 20, Dotson 19 and Columbia won 92-74 for its first Ivy title since 1951. "I just kept hoping for the game to end," said Rohan, "and thinking how sweet it is."

It was a time for old rivalries in New York's Garden. NYU ended Rutgers' seven-game winning streak 56-49, while Fordham beat Manhattan 72-66. But the Rams had to break a 62-62 tie with 2½ minutes to play to win. With six seconds to go, Fordham Coach Johnny Bach was so happy he lit up a victory cigar—and he doesn't smoke.

All the other tournament-bound teams won, too. St. Bonaventure got a scare but managed to outlast Seton Hall 70-69 in overtime. Villanova beat Seton Hall 80-66, while Duquesne outscored St. Francis of Loreto, Pa. 109-103. St. Peter's clobbered Fairleigh Dickinson 106-80 to win New York's Met Conference championship.

Niagara's flashy little Calvin Murphy, who may not be back next year—there are rumors he will transfer—finished the season with a flourish against Canisius. He scored 41 points (his average for the year: 38.2) as Niagara won 96-84.

## THE SOUTH 1. NORTH CAROLINA (25-3) 2. KENTUCKY (21-4) 3. DAVIDSON (23-4)

Everything was going along famously in the Atlantic Coast tournament in Charlotte. The favorites all won in the first round, and the prospect was North Carolina against Duke, a perfect matchup, in the final. Then North Carolina State's Norm Sloan wrecked the act. He threw a stall at Duke and, while Bill Krentzer and Eddie Biedenbach calmly played catch, the Blue Devils stubbornly sat on their zone. Duke led 4-2 at the half and 8-6 with 16 minutes to go. For the next 13:45, the Wolfpack held the ball without taking a shot and, at one point, bored Radiocaster Bill Currie, "The Mouth of the South," advised his listeners, "That is as thrilling as artificial insemination." Eventually, Duke lost 12-10, and even Coach Vic Bubas had to admit he had made a grievous error in not telling his team to go after the ball. "I've made some good decisions this year," said Bubas, "but I guess this wasn't one of them." Right.

Nobody, however, was about to hold the ball against North Carolina. South Carolina, which has been known to stall on occasion, decided to run with the Tar Heels and almost had them for a second time. Carolina had to go into overtime to take the Gamecocks 82-79 as Larry Miller got 24 points and Dick Grubbs 20. North Carolina State was next, and this time Sloan played it straight, knowing that NC's aggressive press would not permit a stall. But the Tar Heels embarrassed themselves in the first half, stumbling to a mere 31-22 lead. Miller and Charlie Scott finally got Carolina's fast break going and the Tar Heels won easily 87-50 to get into the NCAA tournament.

## THE MIDWEST 1. LOUISVILLE (20-6) 2. MARQUETTE (22-5) 3. KANSAS STATE (19-7)

It appeared to be all over for Ohio State in the Big Ten race, though the Bucks beat Illinois 67-64 in their last game. Iowa had trounced Minnesota 91-72 to hold half a game lead, and all the Hawks had to do was beat seventh-place Michigan Saturday at home and they were in. But OSU Coach Fred Taylor, speaking at the school's annual Appreciation Dinner, remembered that four years earlier, in similar circumstances, the Bucks had backed into a tie when Purdue upset Michigan. "I sent Coach Ray Eddy a variety 'O' for that one," recalled Taylor. "I'll send one to Dave Strack, too, if he can win." So Strack's Michigan team surprised Iowa 71-70 to give Ohio State a

continued



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### BASKETBALL continued

tie for the title and force a playoff Tuesday at neutral Purdue for a place in the NCAA Midwest Regionals. Presumably, Strack will get his "O."

Kansas State earned the Big Eight championship the hard way. Even after his Wildcat edged Iowa State 63-61 on Gene Williams' tip-in with two seconds to go to clinch a tie, Coach Tex Winter worried. "We're feeling the pressure," he said. "We can't go out there and play with abandon." He was right. Against Oklahoma State, K-State hit just two of its first 18 shots and had to stall out the last 2-20 to win 49-47. Runner-up Kansas, an NIT selection, finished strong. The Jayhawks took Oklahoma 85-80 in overtime and Iowa State 91-58.

Louisville's last game was a cakewalk. The Cards battered Bellarmine 107-58 as Wesley Unseld scored 30 points. After the game, a 220-pound, 14-year (one for each Missouri Valley win) cake was heaped out in Freedom Hall and 12,535 fans feasted.

**THE SOUTHWEST** 1. HOUSTON (20-0) 2. NEW MEXICO STATE (22-5) 3. OKLAHOMA CITY (20-6)

Historical note: Houston, with Elvin Hayes scoring 39 points and grabbing 21 rebounds, murdered West Texas State 107-76 to complete its first unbeaten season. "I'm glad it's all over," sighed Coach Guy Lewis.

So was Texas at El Paso's Doc Haskins, but for another reason. His undersized UTEPs muddled through their ninth loss, 67-51 to Seattle, and then Haskins told his players to have some fun and keep it "josee-y-goosy" against Arizona State. Nate Archibald, a skinny little sophomore guard, got 22 points and the Miners ended a disappointing 14-9 season with an 85-81 win. "I'm leaving in the morning to comb the junior colleges for good, big boys," promised Haskins. "We're gon' after 'em."

**THE WEST** 1. UCLA (25-1) 2. NEW MEXICO (23-3) 3. SANTA CLARA (22-3)

UCLA was not exactly devastating against crosstown rival USC in its final game, but the Bruins did not have to be to win. The Trojans, who had lost 15 in a row to UCLA in five years, tried to slow down the pace, and that is about all they accomplished. Lew Alcindor, who had 23 points, rattled in nine straight at the start of the second half and UCLA won 72-64. "There was some consolation for USC's Bob Boyd. "They never blinted us," he said proudly.

The West Coast AC showdown was a struggle for a half, with Santa Clara ahead of Loyola only 35-29. Then the Broncos, led by the Ogden boys, Bud and Ralph, went on a 17-4 tear in the next 10 minutes, and it was all over for the Lions. Santa Clara coasted home, 77-62.

END

# The 5:00 P.M. Grand Prix



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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## TIP-OFF Sirs,

Resentment dominated my first reaction to the statements regarding the Eastern College Athletic Conference and myself as its commissioner contained in your SCORECARD item, "In a Fix" (March 4). This emotion was quickly dwarfed by shock in the realization that a magazine of SI's reputation would print this information without giving opportunity for rebuttal to parties maligned.

I have never said to anyone that the ECAC is lax or frivolous or discriminatory in the application of its rules (such faulty stewardship definitely does not exist). I have never given permission for undergraduate athletes to participate in noncollegiate or outside competition (that is the function of the individual college athletic director, acting under pertinent ECAC regulations). Though readily available at office and home, I was not consulted by an SI representative concerning the accuracy of the damaging material published. I decline nomination as "Uncle Asa."

ASA BUSHNELL

New York City

Sirs,

This past summer I was league director for the YMCA's summer basketball program. On June 13, 1967, before our league was to begin play, I placed a call, person to person, to Asa S. Bushnell, ECAC commissioner. The purpose of the call was to find out if college basketball players with eligibility remaining could participate in summer basketball leagues and whether participation in the league with professional basketball players would affect eligibility. Mr. Bushnell told me of the rule in the ECAC bylaws on noncollegiate competition, Article 3, Section 6, governing off-season play. He indicated that although the rule existed it was not being enforced by the ECAC. Mr. Bushnell also said that college players with eligibility remaining would not be affected by the participation of professional basketball players in the same league, so long as the college players and professional players were not on the same team. Charles Fix played in our summer basketball league only after I told him of my conversation with Mr. Bushnell.

JOHN MARSH

Assistant Physical Director, YMCA  
Birmingham, N.Y.

## MARAVICH OR MURPHY?

Sirs,

Curry Kirkpatrick's article (*The Cond Bopper's* Top Cat, March 4) vividly describes "Patrol Pete" Maravich, but it fails

to mention certain statistics that are vital in determining whether he is actually a budding superstar. LSU, by creating a team that revolves around one player, might win a national scoring title for Maravich, but it will win nothing close to a national championship.

PHILIP ISRAELS  
STEVE SINGER

Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs,

Your article on Pete Maravich was a fine one. However, when Maravich does score 45 points, he makes a great deal of them from in close to the basket, whereas Calvin Murphy rarely shoots from closer than 20 feet. If both Murphy and Maravich were to play pro ball, which would you select? A man who at 6' 5" would be just too short to play forward and not quick enough to be a shooting guard? Remember the pros are just a little bit bigger and faster than Maravich. Murphy, with his great speed, would be able to shoot from 20 to 25 feet out, while Maravich would score as readily from that distance.

BLAIR J. CROPIN

New Concord, Ohio

## BLACK AND WHITE Sirs,

If the purpose of Professor Harry Edwards' NYAC boycott (*Boycott Now—Boycott Later?* Feb. 26) was to protest separatist policies of the New York Athletic Club and its South Africa's apartheid really upsets him so, why does he make such equally racist remarks as, "We're here to keep the blacks out, not go in and join the damn whites," and "I think we should go up to Harlem and be with our brothers?"

Harry's logic seems inconsistent. He appears to be advocating the same thing he's protesting. How does one advance the cause of integrated athletics by preaching separatism?

Glen Cove, N.Y.

AL WARD

## NORTHERN LIGHT

Sirs,

Re Mark Muhvey's story (*If You Love Me, Tell Me So*, Feb. 26), please be advised that northwestern Minnesota's cultural, educational, commercial, social, religious and political center is pleased to be given recognition by so eminent a publication as *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. We accept with appropriate modesty the appellation of hockey capital of the U.S. The graduates of our hockey program have graced the ranks of U.S. Olympic and Ivy League teams and have brought prestige and honor to those

teams, not only with their superior athletic skill, but also with their obvious cultural and educational endowments. We are distressed by the inference in the article that we articulate in ungrammatical terms and are less than fashionably attired, either at home or abroad. Long are the the vernacular suffered demise through innocuous disuse, and gaudy adornment has succumbed and been replaced with impeccable good taste. Even Minneapolis displays more provincialism than does this friendly city of the north country.

DR. A. E. JACOBSON, Mayor  
Thief River Falls, Minn.

## PROFESSIONAL AGENTS Sirs,

We read with interest your SCORECARD article on March 4 titled, "Taking a Cut."

Before agents entered the picture, college football players were usually represented by themselves or people with no previous experience in dealing with pro clubs. When Pro Sports negotiates a contract, we take several factors into consideration: how high on the list the player was drafted, the position for which he was drafted in relation to the club's need for a player in that position and the player's ability and potential drawing power.

To take full advantage of their bargaining position, clubs generally try to isolate the 21-year-old college senior, unsophisticated in business dealings, rather than having a professional agent experienced in contract negotiation. But the very fact that so many of this year's draft choices are represented by agents reflects the athlete's knowledge that they are not equipped to go into negotiations on their own.

Before a boy signs a contract with us we give him a list of all the players we represent for endorsements or have represented in contract negotiations, and tell our potential client to call anyone on the list to ask about us.

We know of no agent whose fee is higher than 10%, and included in our services are financial planning, endorsements and finding off-season employment. We don't merely collect our commission and never see the boy again. For both the client and ourselves, the long-range aspects of our association are far more beneficial.

STEVE ARNOLD  
MARTY BLACKMAN  
Pro Sports, Inc.

New York City

## SHOW JOB

Sirs,

In regard to your recent article on snowshoeing (*The Only Way to Stay on Top* of

continued

# What happens when a 1968 cut-proof Faultless gets teed-off with the big name balls?



The Faultless comes closer to the pin.

And that's the name of the game. In one of a continuing series of carefully controlled tests, we proved out the overall performance of the new 1968 Faultless with our secret weapon. The Faultless precision hitting machine. Our machine hits every ball exactly the same. Perfectly. Result? Look at the diagram: Faultless comes closer to the pin.

## Faultless construction.

Faultless golf balls are made the way most balls will be made in the future—in one solid sphere. Our '68 version has a new satisfying feel that really clicks for distance. Accurately.

Faultless golf balls shoot and putt true because they don't have it in them to do anything else. No core. No winding. Nothing inside to get out of round or balance.

And no cover to smile up at

you after you clobber one like a duffer. It's like hitting a new ball every time you swing.

## The perils of Faultless.

You can even guillotine a Faultless with a knife-sharp blade that chops into conventional balls, and—Vive la Faultless! No cut.

Here's another test big-name balls can't survive. Put a '68 Faultless in a punch press for 10 or 15 minutes hitting at 240 impacts per minute. (Other balls become unplayable after a couple of minutes.) We left a test machine on overnight. Next morning, a Faultless had taken 140,000 wallops—and was still ready for more.

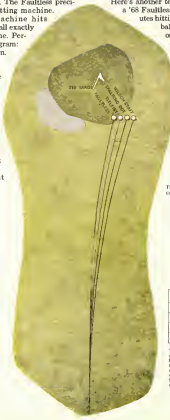
## The honest ball.

Last but not least, the easiest test of all—the click and feel test. Tee-off on a '68 Faultless. Then hit any big-name ball.

Which one sounds and feels the best? It'll probably come out about even. You can't win 'em all.



The new Faultless Professional and Future conform with all U.S.G.A. rules.



	SHORTEST HIT	LONGEST HIT	EXTREMES LEFT AND RIGHT DEVIATION TOTAL	AVERAGE DISTANCE
STANDARD BY 1968	194 yds.	208 yds.	42 ft.	195.0 yds.
RESEARCH GOLF	198 yds.	210 yds.	41 ft.	202.0 yds.
NEW YORK STUFF	191 yds.	200 yds.	34 ft.	195.0 yds.
FAULTLESS	198 yds.	208 yds.	38 ft.	202.0 yds.

TEST CONDITIONS: Variable 16-19 mph follow (19 mph), 12 new balls hit of each brand. Each ball hit exactly the same: 325 rpm's on hitting machine. Heights measured from hitting machine to point of first touchdown. Distance = average distance of 12 balls of each brand. Deviation = maximum variance, left and right, shown on diagram in relative ranking closest to pin.



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### 18TH HOLE CONTINUED

for World, Feb. 19), it would appear that, although Author Bill Gilbert knows his snowshoes, he is woefully uninformed on the subject of skiing. This constantly recurring curmudgeon about the superiority of snowshoes over skis is a lot of nonsense. Mr. Gilbert is correct that a snowshoer can beat a skier equipped with the modern racing ski, which is fitted with a rigid binding and completely rigid boot. But a skier equipped with a touring ski (using a semisoft boot, an adjustable strap or cable binding and removable climbing skins) will leave a snowshoer so far behind that snow may have settled and the tracks filled in before the snowshoer gets there. This has been amply proved on numerous occasions.

Having used both methods of transportation in deep snow myself over a number of years, I am perfectly ready to admit that there are occasional types of work in deep snow, e.g., chopping wood, where snowshoes are less cumbersome than skis and that there are occasional bushwhacking situations involving extremely thick brush where the snowshoer has an advantage, but usually for only a short distance.

If your author is my age (47) or younger, I will gladly challenge him to a race in soft snow up and down mountains over an uncleared course, say 10 or 20 miles, or whatever seems appropriate. If he is older than I, I have plenty of friends and skiing companions in their 50s and 60s who would, I am sure, be glad to take him on.

J. LELAND SOUMAN, M.D.

Director, U.S. Ski Association  
Concord, Mass.

### LONG AND SHORT

Ses.

Your article about the Stanford-USC swim meet (Only a Little Old Dual Meet, Feb. 26), while interesting and well done, contained one gross exaggeration. Author Tom C. Brody chose to call Southern Cal sophomore backstroke Mark Mader "probably the fastest in the world." That is an interesting conclusion, considering that: 1) the world records for the backstroke (100 and 200 meters) are held by East Germany's Roland Matthes; 2) the American long-course (100 and 200 meters) records are both held by Indiana University junior Charlie Hickox; 3) the American short-course (100 and 200 yards) records are divided between two swimmers: Gary Dillley of Michigan State, who owns the 100, and Mader; and 4) everyone who beat Mader is still swimming.

It is safe to call the 6'9" Mader the longest swimmer in the world, but calling him the fastest backstroke is a little ridiculous.

PENNY F. HERASH

Sports Editor

Yale Daily News

New Haven, Conn.

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